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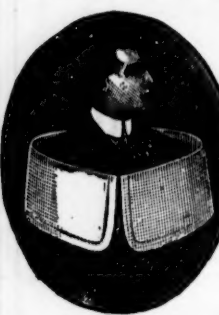
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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

So much is said about the necessity for the Reform of the House of Lords that a matter which is of far more pressing importance—namely, the Reform of the House of Commons—is often completely lost sight of. Sir Guilford Molesworth has brought together cogent facts* which compel attention to a subject of such great importance. Repeating a criticism which lately appeared in these columns, the writer quotes Lecky thus:—"In England no one can be insensible to the change in the tone of the House of Commons within the memory of living men." Mr. Balfour has, we observe, chidden Lord Hugh Cecil for clearly setting forth facts which are well known to those who have been immersed in politics quite as long as Mr. Balfour. Mr. Balfour, however, is a leader who is quite open to be led, and a perusal of Sir Guilford Molesworth's little volume will be a useful initiatory step in his conversion. Herbert Spencer wrote in "The Coming Slavery": "Representatives are unconscientious enough to vote for Bills which they believe to be wrong in principle because party needs and regard for the

next election demand it." No wonder Mr. Asquith, with the wholly unnecessary and entirely reprehensible measure of payment of Members in view, went into rhapsodies over what he called Mr. Balfour's "finest vindication of the representative and independent character of the House of Commons that had ever been made"! Amenities between the front benches are graceful and very pretty fooling, but the nation, and especially the Constitutional party, must not be blinded by a minuet, however gracefully performed. "All independence is crushed out of the House of Commons. The comparatively harmless bribe of a pot of beer or half-a-crown to a voter has been replaced by gigantic class bribery," the next step in which—the coping-stone of subservience—is to be payment of Members in money as well as in kind. Lecky, Herbert Spencer amongst writers, Hilaire Belloc and Harold Cox amongst observant and practical politicians, point to the folly and danger of our system. Bastiat wrote:—"It would be impossible to introduce into society a greater change and a greater evil than this—the conversion of law into an instrument of plunder." Yet that is exactly what has been done, to a limited extent, under the present system. What can reasonable men expect to be the outcome when public interests and private rights are confided to practically a single chamber of mercenaries, dependent for the continuance of their salaries and other contingent advantages upon slavish subservience to their political chiefs? That these individuals are not representative of the people we have shown many times, and the article which we publish on Proportional Representation once more demonstrates that fact.

The lovers of true art, as expressed through the medium of the stage, are at the present moment exceptionally, if not superlatively, provided for in London. Not often do we find two plays by Ibsen at different theatres running consecutively, and that they are well supported by the cream of the playgoing public is evident to any one who is wise enough to witness these two original and, in some respects, extraordinary interpretations of the Norwegian master's work. Shakespeare is not neglected: we have "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Henry VIII.," with the prospect of the "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the near future; for lighter fare, the immortal Gilbert and Sullivan operas are not far away, and various comedies which may not be high art, but are at any rate clever and artistic, serve those who desire mere recreation instead of food for thought. Such being the case, we are compelled to wonder that London has not its own Repertory Theatre in flourishing condition. Miss Horniman has made her Repertory Theatre in Manchester a success in every sense of the word, and has proved that it is not necessary to possess any enormous capital in order to present the best plays of the world. The Abbey Theatre, Dublin, thanks to her pluck and persistence, seems to be entering on a period of prosperity; Glasgow is noted for its theatrical enterprise, Liverpool has decided not to be eclipsed, and now Birmingham has started a "Drama Society" on similar lines. These are not mere experiments; they are efforts which are likely to be permanent, and are certainly educative. London enterprise seems too spasmodic; the experiment is made, with the finest possible assistance in staging and acting, is then dropped, and the curtain of oblivion falls. Is it that the very bigness of London operates disastrously against these memorable and brilliant efforts—that the popularity of competing plays and frivolous comedies spells the doom of the highest art? We in this city are not hopeless outsiders in matters theatrical, as a glance at the columns of our newspapers will prove; but the provinces are giving us a good lead, and for once it seems that London is badly behind in the race.

* "The Coming Question." The Reform of the House of Commons. By Sir Guilford Molesworth, K.C.I.E. (St. Stephen's Press. 2d.)

PRIMA VERA

The Hand of God is on the harp of Spring ;
 How else were there such music in the air ?
 Music that makes the silent furrows sing
 With joy, and wakes the slumbering seed they bear.

A golden veil burns like an aureole now
 About the world's grim forehead old and grey ;
 The lips of Spring salute her brooding brow,
 And April lifts the banner blue of May.

My soul, an anchorite on Heaven's wall,
 Looks from its charmed and chosen solitude ;
 Looking, I listen, hear the blackbird call,
 And know that violets wake, and God is good.

D. M. S.

 WILLIAM COWPER AND THE "OLNEY
 HYMNS"—I.

THE writing of a hymn might seem at first thought a simple and easy task, given the poet and the mood. Complications of rhyme and measure are not needed—they are faults, instead of added graces ; the ornate, decorative word is to be shunned, else will untutored tongues trip ignominiously ; in fact, to the trained or natural hymnologist the composition of a sacred poem to be sung ought to present no problem at all. Yet, considering the thousands of hymns extant in various collections, how few are real poetry ; how few hymns of praise rise above demure adulation, uninspired and uninspiring, despite the sublimity and splendour of their theme ! *Turris fortissima est nomen Jehovah*—surely, one thinks, such noble words might send the poet writing for an age. *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax* . . . the heart beats faster at the ringing syllables, but hardly a score of hymns linger in the memory which can in any way be termed worthy. Most poets seem to vacillate, when their Muse hovers over sacred things, between a self-abasement which is so abject as to appear ridiculous, and a mood of religious conceit which reminds us of the "good boy" and "bad boy" stories of our youthful days.

The cry for help and the cry of praise are the two great sources of the real hymn, taking the word "hymn" in its broader sense, and not only as a song of adoration ; when they are uttered sincerely by the poet he can often move his readers to sympathy and enthusiasm ; more than that, he can crown himself with unfading laurels. Years after he has passed away, his stanzas, wedded indissolubly to some simple melody, will ring in the memory of thousands. Many of those who sing and are comforted may not even know his name ; yet is he enviably immortal who can thus enshrine his words for ever in the hearts of a people. The poet may be famous chiefly by one hymn ; Newman, for instance, is a familiar name to hundreds who care nothing for his controversies and his stress of soul by means of his "Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom ;" Cowper, the poet of Olney, must be known to hundreds, again, who never heard of "The Task" or "The Progress of Error," by his poem "God moves in a mysterious way."

William Cowper was particularly fitted both by tempera-

* *Olney Hymns*. By William Cowper. Edited by William Willis. (Published for the Cowper Society by Farncombe and Son.)

ment and surroundings to write the hymns which we shall term supplicatory, and it is to this work we refer especially in this article. Through the clouds of doubt that enveloped him he sought the God whom he desired ; his doubt became fear, his fear became anguish ; "there is a wall of separation," he wrote, "between me and my God." To his "dear, warm-hearted Hayley" he expressed himself freely. "Ignorant of everything but my own instant and impending misery," he said, "I know neither what I do, when I write, nor can do otherwise than write, because I am bidden to do so. Perfect Despair, the most perfect that ever possessed any mind, has had possession of mine, you know how long, and, knowing this, will not need to be told who writes." Only when we remember this persistent and overwhelming mood of mental dismay which so deeply saddens the student of the poet's life can we see the inner meaning of such a hymn as that given on page 36 of the new "Olney" collection :—

My former hopes are dead,
 My terror now begins ;
 I feel, alas ! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.

Ah, whither shall I fly ?
 I hear the thunder roar ;
 The law proclaims destruction nigh
 And vengeance at the door.

It is one of the most depressing things that Cowper ever wrote ; the spirit of doubt, with its chill breath, haunts every verse :—

I see, or think I see,
 A glimm'ring from afar ;
 A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.

Yet the author of these sorrowful words was once a member of the "Nonsense Club" at the Temple, and had once written, in a letter to "Dear Toby," dated from "Great Berkhamstead, I don't know when" :—

I am in such a hurry, I hardly know how to set one leg before t'other to get to the end of my letter, and God knows if I shall be able to do it to-night. Dancing all last night, in bed one-half of the day, and shooting all the other half, and am now going to—what ?—to kill a boding screech owl perched upon a tree just by my window. Have at you, old Wise Acre. What an Irishman am I !

The despondent note of the hymn to which we have referred occurs in many others, but not to an extent so oppressive ; often the despair of the opening stanzas is illumined by hopeful prayer and faith in the conclusion, as in the hymn entitled "Looking upwards in a storm" :—

God of my life to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
 And he is safe and must succeed
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

These hymns may not be great poetry, but it is impossible not to be impressed with the difference between such cries from a wrestling, agonising, afflicted soul and the hymn written to order, as it were, for the sake of writing, uninspired, beautiful, and cold. It is the difference between a flow of lava and the cascade of a formal garden. At the same time, there are several hymns here which will live as

truest poetry, apart from their theme—hymns admittedly written under the influence of a brighter mood. The well-known hymn "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord," the one already mentioned, "God moves in a mysterious way," are poems with few blemishes; so also is the less familiar eulogy of Wisdom, of which we quote two stanzas:

When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swath'd about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure,
And I was with Him then;
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men.

Thus wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye survey'd us
Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

Cowper's rhyming was at times somewhat lax. The verses above give one instance, and his genuineness and sincerity led him occasionally to compose quatrains, and to interpose them between highly devotional stanzas, which were quite unsuitable for the purposes of a hymn, to say nothing of being decidedly unpoetic. No congregation with a sense of humour could sing the following lines, for instance, with due solemnity:—

When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more;
But God prepar'd a fish to save
And bear him to the shore.

What trifles tease me now!
They swarm like summer flies,
They cleave to ev'rything I do,
And swim before my eyes.

Such lapses, however, are infrequent, and do not occur in those better-known hymns which have endeared themselves to worshippers of various denominations.

In this edition of the "Olney Hymns" Judge Willis has reproduced exactly the text, spelling, and punctuation of the first book issued under that name in 1779—a collection which contained much work by John Newton. Various editors who have in times past handled the so-called "Olney Hymns" were anything but careful as to their selections, and either inserted hymns which Cowper never wrote, or omitted some which were really his, even Southey and Sir Roundell Palmer being among those who erred. "It is not too much to say," remarks the present editor in the preface, explaining several corrections, "that unless the reader possesses the volume published in 1779 he has not in his possession the exact number of hymns which Cowper wrote, nor the true and genuine text." The present attractively-arranged booklet may thus be taken as the authoritative result of considerable research on the part of Judge Willis, and should be regarded as the standard edition of the Olney Hymns.

In our next article we shall discuss briefly the poetry of William Cowper in its wider range, bearing in mind the words of Mr. Thomas Wright to the effect that for those who have read Cowper's letters the poet "seems like a next-door neighbour."

W. L. R.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION

By HILAIRE BELLOC

THERE is an uneasy feeling, which is not confined to this country, that representative institutions have been for some time upon their trial, and that they are not coming very well out of that trial.

When one remembers the very great space of time over which these institutions have endured, one wonders why they should so lately have fallen into disrepute. The answer is that in modern times, or rather in quite recent times, they have taken on quite novel and hitherto untried forms. Representation is working to-day on lines which it has never tried before; it is in its present form an experiment, and so far the experiment has hardly met with an increasing success.

When representative institutions arose in the early Middle Ages their character was essentially local. Local customs, local necessities, local powers of payment—these were the subjects vital to delegates sent from separate localities, each of which had a strong and real autonomous life of its own. It is true that the great representative bodies in some crises took upon themselves national executive functions: but that was not their normal business nor was it even their normal business to legislate.

In some countries, notably in France, as modern civilisation advanced the old representative system was dropped; in others, notably in England, it was maintained; but it only kept its great place in the State through restriction. It was restricted to a particularly small body, and acted mainly through one class.

Rather more than one hundred years ago the American and the French Revolutions set forth representative institutions as a universal form of Democratic Government. This proposal of theirs proceeded directly from their definite political theory, which presupposed universal suffrage and universal rights (in legislation, at least) to be vested in the representatives created by that suffrage. In the United States, however, there were so many natural and artificial conditions present to modify the full effect of the new system that we cannot judge its success or failure by the American example. Local autonomy was almost absolute. The Executive (which has since grown so enormously in power) stood apart from the legislative machine, and the institution of the Supreme Court strictly confined the action of that machine.

The French experiment and theory is over one hundred years old, but its practice has been so interrupted that we cannot claim for it a clear trial of more than one generation. The same is true if we look closely into the facts of nearly all the modern Parliamentary systems. The German, such as it is (for it has the least power of any), is but a generation old. The last extension of the franchise in Great Britain falls within our own generation. The institution of Parliamentary Government throughout Italy answers to the same description.

In a word, civilised Europe to-day proceeds largely upon the theory, and, in some measure, upon the actual practice, of representation by a body composed of delegates who are voted for by the adult male population of the State. The results are not satisfactory; they are sometimes so patently foolish, and more often so grievously unpopular that every one is seeking a remedy. Abroad the thing is self-evident. A sectarian and ill-considered minority governs France. The Italian Parliament stands for but a fraction of the electorate, and the electorate for less than a third of the people. In this country the continuity of political habit and of national

institutions lends Parliament a greater dignity, but the general ill-ease is beginning to be felt here as well.

The recent proposals to transform the constitution of the country, proposals which must, whatever end they reach, lead to some great and abrupt change, have even made the question more acute here for the moment than it is abroad.

Among the remedies suggested for the Parliamentary disease is that known as Proportional Representation. He would be a rash man who should say that it would prove a full remedy, or even a partial one, but even to guess at its effect we must have some clear idea of what it is. Most people will tell you that the object and advantage of proportional representation is that it will give to the two parties in Parliament a strength proportional to their real strength in the country. We all know that with the present system of single-member constituencies, and the exceptional double-member constituencies created or surviving, this proportion is nearly always, and grievously, distorted. It would be easy to collect scores of legitimate complaints from the newspapers in the last ten years showing how this distortion has worked in practice; but it is evident, even in theory, that the chances are always in favour of such a distortion existing under the present scheme. It is even possible for a majority of votes to be cast upon one side and that side to have a minority in the representative assembly which those votes may create. The selection of a few chosen areas in this country, and particularly in London, are sufficient to prove this.

Proportional representation would obviously remedy this anomaly, but that is the least of the advantages claimed for it. The majority of Ministerialists sitting in Parliament would be smaller than it is now and would more nearly correspond to their real majority in the country. But a majority it would remain, and under the present mechanical arrangement of the House of Commons, though the numerical bulk of an Opposition tells, it is not a main factor in modifying legislation; the independence of a group, even the liveliness of criticism and attack count for more. A more important effect claimed for proportional representation would be the representation of a community in its diversity: in the diversity of its real aims and principal interests.

Consider some large electoral area, such as that of South Lancashire, and mark the diversity of interests and political aims with which you have to deal. You have the separate interests of the great Trades Unions; you have the religious interests; a Roman Catholic population of somewhat more than a fifth of the whole, and, as everybody knows, a very large and vigorous determination throughout the electorate to protect the schools of the Church of England. You have, again, the diverse interests of various districts according to their occupation. The complexity of such an electorate might be infinitely developed, but even the roughest system of proportional representation would show certain main cross divisions which are obliterated under the present scheme of voting.

You have for this district, counting such outliers as Birkenhead and Stockport, sixty members of Parliament. These sixty members sit and vote at Westminster to-day as Ministerialists or anti-Ministerialists only. That is the sole line of division. Amongst these sixty members there may by accident be one (as I was myself for five years) who is supposed to speak for the large Roman Catholic population; or there may be none (as I believe in this Parliament there is none). There may be another who is known to make a special point of the rights of the Church Schools; another two or three who, without daring to rebel against party discipline, are specially concerned with the rights or interests of the mining population, of the cotton operatives, &c. But if such members happen to reach Westminster it is a pure accident. There is no machinery by which each of these

great cross-sections and particular minorities can certainly make its voice heard.

But suppose that even so rough a system of proportional representation as what the French call *Scrutin de Liste* were in use. Supposing that, as was the case in the city of Paris until the Boulanger crisis, the first of nearly two-score names in a long list of candidates should be declared elected, there at once the minorities would come into evidence. One man, let us say, is strongly in favour of the maintenance of the Voluntary Schools; he is a Free Trader, a Trades Unionist desiring to reverse the Osborne case, and in favour of a large Navy. Another man is a Free Trader, a Little Navy man; he desires the destruction of Voluntary Schools, he thinks the Trades Union organisation oppressive, and he desires the maintenance of the Osborne Judgment. To-day those two men will probably be found voting for the same Free Trade candidate. But with a list before each, and the right to set down a number of names, the one would make a very different choice of names from the other, and in the result you would presumably have amongst the many returned to Westminster from that one area certain groups whose chief business it was to represent there, not one of two opposing parties upon some set question, such as Tariff Reform, but a particular local interest and demand.

A further advantage claimed for this system is that in a by-election a great weight of opinion will be manifested. It would be a striking thing to have seen South Lancashire, for instance, as a whole, voting down the Licensing or the Education Bill (as it would most undoubtedly have voted each of those measures down) when voting as a whole to replace but one out of its many members. It would have had a very different effect from the striking but partial blow of a single-Member election. Indeed, it was the moral effect of this sort of referendum which caused the professional politicians in Paris to abolish the *Scrutin de Liste* so hurriedly during the Boulanger Crisis, in order to stifle and thwart the popular demand.

Finally, it is claimed with great justice that proportional representation would free candidates from the tyranny of the crank.

The crank, if his minority was large enough, could get represented under any system of Proportional Representation, but he could not terrorise individual candidates as he too often does to-day. You will have in an electorate of, say, 10,000, a pretty equal division and a narrow majority one way or the other between the two organised parties. One hundred voters who care more for some one little point of their own than for the general debate, hold the whole situation to-day in their hands. The result is that in most cases both candidates pledge themselves to support something to which they are indifferent or hostile, and to which they know the mass of their constituents to be indifferent or hostile, and you occasionally have the absurd result of fanatics claiming with perfect truth that "a majority" of the House of Commons is "pledged" to their fantastic proposals.

I have purposely chosen the crudest form of proportional representation for my example. It is evident that under its more refined forms more accurate and complex results could be obtained. But the real doubt with regard to it which must arise in the mind of the politician to-day is not as to whether it possesses the virtues claimed for it in theory—these are fairly obvious—but whether in practice it would not slip into a tame submission to the existing machinery. You might have sixty places for South Lancashire and 120 names on the list, but what guarantee would you have that the enormous power of the caucus would not drill these 120 into two opposing ranks of Government and Opposition, present "tickets" of sixty names each to the unfortunate

electors, and leave them after the reform in the same ridiculous plight in which they find themselves to-day?

That is surely the chief argument against the value of the Reform, but I confess it seems to me a formidable one. In other words, I do not see what reform in the mere mechanism of elections can be of real value until the power of the machine in English politics is diminished.

SANCTUARIES*

Dr. Cox has written a book on the sanctuaries of mediæval England which will be the recognised authority on the subject. Mr. Mazzinghi published a short treatise on the same theme in 1887, and it is a matter for surprise that so fascinating a subject should have received, apart from these two writers, such scant attention. Dr. Cox's chief sources of information are the Assize and Coroners' Rolls, Patent and Close Rolls, and the Episcopal Registers. The author remarks in his preface that artists and novelists are fond of depicting, with brush or pen, a man reaching sanctuary with a sword in his hand. As Dr. Cox points out, the Church never allowed a sanctuary-seeker to approach with any kind of weapon.

Early examples of sanctuary-laws are to be found in the six Levitical cities of refuge established by the Mosaic Code. The same idea existed, with of course a different religious significance, among the asylums of the Greeks, the most famous being that of Diana of Ephesus. The Romans, too, recognised the sacredness of certain places and the efficacy pertaining to altars and statues of their emperors. No doubt Professor J. G. Frazer could give us a wealth of information in regard to the early conception of sanctuary in many countries. The idea of flight after wrongdoing and the search for a temporary refuge must have existed in some form or another long before the halcyon days of Greece and Rome.

Dr. Cox traces sanctuary rights in England from Athelstan, their development under Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor rulers, and their decay in the reign of Henry VIII. This interesting review of the subject reveals the fact that the Church gradually extended its aid to sanctuary seekers. Where at one time the altar alone furnished immunity, later on the churchyard and precincts, even stone crosses some distance from the sacred building, embraced the privilege of sanctuary. Dr. Cox lays special emphasis upon the difference between chartered sanctuaries and those places of worship where the privileges were limited.

In the beginning of the thirteenth century the custom of "abjuration of the realm" was introduced, a custom associated with the coroner's office. The sanctuary seeker might have the Church's protection for forty days. Upon his abjuration of the realm he was compelled to take his departure to a specified seaport, and to reach that seaport within a given time. He was permitted to travel, with cross in hand, only along the high roads, and, if fortune favoured him, he might embark on the first outgoing vessel available.

It is not to be wondered at that the Church's protection of sanctuary seekers should have frequently been in conflict with the State. In the chapter entitled "Historical Incidents" we read of the murder of St. Thomas of Canterbury, the forcible withdrawal of Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, from sanctuary, the burning of St. Mary le Bow to drive William FitzOsbert out of hiding, and the Westminster Abbey violation of 1378, when a fugitive knight was killed, during Mass, before the Prior's stall. In 1483 we read of the widowed Queen Elizabeth Woodville seeking sanctuary

in Westminster for the second time with its dismal sequel—the murder of the boy Princes in the Tower. An ancient chronicler describes the parting of Elizabeth from one of her sons thus:—"And therewith all she said unto the Childe was, Farewell mine own sweet son, God send you good keeping: let me kisse you yet once, ere you goe; for God knoweth when wee shall kisse together againe."

The chapter devoted to St. Martin le Grand is of special interest. The author tells us that in 1548 this sacred edifice was levelled to the ground. He writes:—"The spot which had for ages resounded by day and night with the seraphic music, and had been distinguished by all the splendid pageantry of the Roman Church, was now occupied by a number of new buildings; on the site of the high altar a large wine tavern was erected." Stow adds a quaint and interesting note on the foreigners who rented these buildings. They "claimed the benefit of privileges granted to the canons . . . which could hardly be wrested to artificers, buyers and sellers, otherwise than is mentioned in the 21st Chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel." The sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand has passed away, and the majority of us remember the name in connection with our great postal system.

The sanctuary of Durham is intimately connected with St. Cuthbert. Here it is that we recognise that the efficacy of sanctuary depended not so much upon the saving grace of Christ but in the miraculous power of a saint's earthly remains. On one occasion the Feast of St. Cuthbert was being celebrated in the Forest of Arden. The parish priest fed all comers, and clothed the naked. While these hospitalities were in progress the company was attacked by a band of robbers. The bandits did not hesitate to violate the sanctuary, where many of the inhabitants had hastily withdrawn their live stock and other goods. The robbers, having obtained their ill-gotten booty, ate, drank, and made merry until they fell asleep. The priest, believing that St. Cuthbert, whose local church had been violated, would come to his aid, drew near the sleeping bandits with a few companions, and made all manner of strange noises, including "the loudest yells and the most piercing shrieks." These noises awakened the stolen animals, and, thanks to the power of St. Cuthbert, oxen charged the robbers and swine rushed furiously over the sleepers. The happy result was that the robbers departed, leaving behind them a vast store of arms, horses, money, and various articles of value.

Dr. Cox corrects an error in regard to what are popularly known as "sanctuary knockers." He points out that, with the possible exception of Durham, these metal grotesques were in no way connected with sanctuary rites. The fact that there was no plate on which to knock seems to support his theory that the iron ring was merely used as a means of closing the heavy door. Notwithstanding the chief evidence in support of this idea—namely, that the sanctuary-seeker was safe as soon as he reached the churchyard—we can well understand a mistake of this kind. Supposing that the principal aim of these grotesques was to close the doors upon which they were fixed, night fugitives must have struck them over and over again. An oak door when struck by an iron ring will make a considerable noise without the addition of a plate beneath it.

We have read this scholarly book, containing many fine illustrations, with much pleasure. It reflects the Christian spirit of mercy toward those who fall by the way. It reveals, in mediæval times, a beneficent protection against the hound of State that would have run to earth and killed many a fugitive but for the sheltering arms of Mother Church. In these later days we might learn much from those Mediæval times. Now Justice, not always just, sits on her throne alone, and the Church is impotent to save when the judge puts on his black cap.

**The Sanctuaries and Sanctuary-Seekers of Mediæval England.* By J. Charles Cox. (George Allen and Sons. 15s. net.)

REVIEWS

CHESTERTON OR DICKENS?

Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens.

By G. K. CHESTERTON. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE happiness of the individual is never an unmixed blessing to the community at large; that *joie de vivre*, that perpetual high-spiritedness should be the elixir of life which the hermit, usually the living embodiment of all remorse and sorrow, should seek to discover. The excessive joyfulness of youth tends to be as great a danger to society as the extremes of pessimism. We cannot all eternally dwell on the mountain-tops; some of us often stray down the slippery sides of the great abyss. Looking up we see personified Youth still bathed in the sunshine on the summit, and the sight makes us wonder if everlasting sleep in one of the dark caverns of our path is worse than this inward torture. There is a lack of sympathy which appears to the lowly soul to be fiendish spite; the smile of happy self-satisfaction seems to be born of Mephistopheles; we are in torment. On the other hand, there is no healthy competition among the occupants of the mountain-top. Human nature will out; and so, having reached the summit by varied paths, the difference of views leads to such a state of chaos that the universe can only be righted by a volcanic eruption or some other Divine intervention.

But what would happen if one of these exuberant and effervescent climbers dwelt on an isolated peak alone in his greatness? His chief delight would be the worship of his own brilliance; he would admire his reflection in the occasional passing cloud, but he would always sigh for a seat on that cloud; sometimes he would look into the face of the sun and endeavour to outshine its brightness, never realising that the light of his eyes was only the reflected light of that great luminary. Then, turning his eyes downwards to shield them from the victorious glare, he would catch a glimpse of his fellow-creatures in the valley. His conscience, of atomic dimensions, would slowly inquire how "His Brilliance" could possibly assist in educating and amusing these less fortunate denizens of the earth. Thus occasionally he would pour cold comfort down on the heads of these people, never hearing their cries to be spared from such a punishment—surely the vastness of his happiness can only be due to his deafness.

This is the image which forms itself in the mind as the result of reading through this latest volume of Mr. Chesterton. A daily paragraph on a calendar would perhaps be innocuous; the cumulative effect is terrible.

These "Appreciations and Criticisms" are the separate prefaces originally published to the works of Dickens in the "Everyman" Library. We expected a book on Dickens, but what have we? Mr. Chesterton remarks of the prefaces that "they were harmless, being diluted by, or rather drowned in, Dickens:" rather they are drowned in Chesterton. The high spirits of the author have led him into most extravagant excesses of verbal gymnastics; his brilliance is demoralising; common truths could not be more securely wrapped up by the most abstruse philosopher; the desire to be original, sometimes at the expense of misusing words, is everywhere apparent. We wonder if Mr. Chesterton was contrasting himself with Dickens when he wrote in the general introduction:—

Dickens as an essayist always had his eye on an object before he had the faintest notion of a subject. All these works of his can best be considered as letters; they are notes of personal travel, scribbles in a diary about this or that that really happened. But Dickens was one of the few men

who have the two talents that are the whole of literature—and have them both together. First, he could make a thing happen over again; and second, he could make it happen better. He can be called exaggerative; but mere exaggeration conveys nothing of his typical talent. Mere whirlwinds of words, mere melodramas of earth and heaven do not affect us as Dickens affects us, because they are exaggerations of nothing. If asked for an exaggeration of something, their inventors would be entirely dumb. They would not know how to exaggerate a broom-stick; for the life of them they cannot exaggerate a tenpenny nail. Dickens always began with the nail or the broom-stick. He always began with a fact even when he was most fanciful; and even when he drew the long bow he was careful to hit the white.

Every fact in Dickens' life, every character in the books—they all act as irritants upon Mr. Chesterton's brain, causing the production of characteristic excursions into the varied fields of Chestertonian mental, moral, and political science. Dickens becomes the prophet who opens our eyes to the state of things in which we exist. He is the novelist of to-day and Mr. Chesterton is the medium who converses with the master's spirit. The sadness of Dickens seems at times to result in the envelopment of the lonely figure on the mountain-top in a thick fog out of which come cries for help—not for Mr. Chesterton, but for us. His usual cheerful exuberance gives way to a vivacity of pessimism. Speaking of the conditions which exist to-day, "which Dickens would certainly have detested and denounced," Mr. Chesterton explains:

At this moment it is vain to discuss whether Socialism will be a selling of men's liberty for bread. The men have already sold their liberty; only they have not yet got the bread. A most incessant and exacting interference with the poor is already in operation; they are already ruled like slaves, only they are not fed like slaves. The children are forcibly provided with a school; only they are not provided with a house. Officials give the most detailed domestic directions about the fireguard; only they do not give the fireguard. Officials bring round the most stringent directions about the milk; only they do not bring round the milk. The situation is, perhaps, the most humorous in the whole history of oppression. . . . If we insist on sending the *menu* in to them, they will naturally send the bill in to us. This may possibly result (it is not my purpose here to prove that it will) in the drilling of the English people into hordes of humanely herded serfs.

We must remember that we are not dealing with a consecutive book, but with a series of disjointed essays written one by one as brief introductions to the separate volumes in a popular series, which probably explains the reason for this apparent blur as of distant patchwork, this roughness and unevenness as of an untuned orchestra. Perhaps it was intended to fill up the crevices in the structure of Mr. Chesterton's admirable "Life."

Considered as a criticism of Dickens' writings, this volume is extremely disappointing, but read as a series of essays by Mr. Chesterton, the contents are intensely entertaining. Mr. Chesterton is bold; he argues valiantly; we see the universe standing on its head (or heads), and we feel the better for the experience. We grow young again; we think of the days when we envied the clown at the circus; we have Mr. Chesterton providing us with wholesome and agreeable medicine. And it is always medicine; whether he is attacking modern Socialism, discussing the Jews, pointing out the weaknesses of the British democracy, or talking of a hundred other matters, Mr. Chesterton always makes us think. We get no living picture of Dickens; the personality compounded of the different characteristics discovered by Mr. Chesterton never existed. The title-page should have solely borne the inscription "By G. K. Chesterton," and, as lovers of Mr. Chesterton will admit, this is high praise.

TERTULLIAN'S PARADOX

The New God and other Essays. By RALPH SHIRLEY. (Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

Abnormal Psychology. By ISADOR H. CORIAT, M.D. (Rider and Son. 5s. net.)

MR. RALPH SHIRLEY, the author of "The New God," has stimulated the cells of my memory in a very agreeable and unexpected manner. Reading the essay entitled "Julian the Apostate," I came upon the sentence: "*Credo quia absurdum* was Tertullian's famous but truly idiotic phrase." There seemed something familiar in the misquotation, as well as in the stern rebuke; and looking up the files of THE ACADEMY, I found that nearly three years ago I had been mildly disagreeing with Dr. Horton on this very matter. Dr. Horton had said: "I never could bring myself to any admiration of the schoolman's famous formula, *Credo quia impossibile*." Dr. Horton's error was a compound one, since he ascribed to an imaginary schoolman a maxim utterly incongruous with the spirit of the scholastic philosophy. So, as there seems a tendency in the human heart to misquote Tertullian's words and to misunderstand his meaning, perhaps I may be pardoned if I repeat, more or less, the remarks I made on the famous paradox—or oxymoron—three years ago.

In the first place, Tertullian's words are as follows:—

Natus est dei filius; non pudet quia pudendum est; et mortuus est dei filius; prorsus credibile est quia ineptum est; et sepultus resurrexit; certum est quia impossibile.

Secondly, the sense of these phrases, which Dr. Horton cannot admire, and which to Mr. Shirley seem truly idiotic, is perhaps to be sought a little below the surface of the words. Mr. Shirley, who, it is evident from these essays, is not without the faculty of belief, will note that the Christian Father is expressing his belief in a transcendental religion—a religion which from the first claimed to be, as it were, an invasion of a lower region by a higher. The Christianity of Tertullian was neither a mere ethic nor a succession of scientific deductions, as when we deduce the existence of a benevolent Deity from the spots on the butterfly's wings; it was, above all, a system of transcendence. And so these "pudendums" and "ineptums" and "impossibles" are, after all, nothing more than an assertion that the Christian faith is divinely credible, just because it surpasses mortal credibilities, because it contains dogmata which are not in the commonplace book of the mathematician, the chemist, and the man in the street. And if we knew, it might appear that a good dog loves his master and believes in him with all his dog's heart and soul for very much the same reasons as those which moved Tertullian to love of God and belief in God. To Bill the Bulldog the actions of his master must often seem wild and unaccountable; but the dog, wiser than some men, recognises the presence of a higher law, and of a supreme order in which doggy "impossibles" become human certainties.

So much for Tertullian, whom, as I say, I have re-expounded merely because the misunderstanding of the passage cited seems, like laughter, to be the property of man. Going on to a consideration of some features of "The New God," I note the chapter headed "The Strange Case of Lurancy Vennum," and, by the way, I cannot help expressing my gratitude to the author for making the delightful and impressive combination of names "Lurancy Vennum" familiar to English readers. Fiction is responsible for the

invention of many names odd, grotesque, monstrous even; out truth, for once justifying a somewhat dubious proverb, has here far outdistanced fiction's most brilliant and bizarre efforts. Again I am with Tertullian, as expressed in the popular misquotation of his words. "Lurancy Vennum": *credo quia impossibile* indeed; for nobody could have invented such a combination as this. As to Miss Vennum's story, or rather Mr. Shirley's interpretation of it, I am more sceptical. The case is this. Lurancy, known also as "the Watseka Wonder," and more familiarly as "Raney," was born in Illinois, U.S.A., in the year 1864.

She was a healthy child up to the age of thirteen, when she was attacked by fits, trances, communions with spirits, and stomach-ache. She resisted all orthodox medical treatment, and some neighbours named Roff recommended a Doctor E. W. Stevens, of Janesville, Wis., who was supposed to understand such cases. The girl took to the new doctor and informed him that her name was Katrine Hogan, that she came from Germany, and that her age was sixty-three. After making these and other equally preposterous statements she became rigid; and Dr. Stevens by "magnetic action" and a knowledge of "the laws of spiritual science" was soon in full communication with the real Lurancy, who talked like an angel and said she was in heaven. In this condition the doctor persuaded her to get hold of some better "control" than that German with the Irish name, and she chose Mary Roff, the dead daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roff. To be brief: Lurancy awoke next morning sane and well, but with the personality of Mary Roff, deceased, and as Mary she remained for some months, showing unmistakably that she was in possession of Mary's consciousness and of Mary's earthly knowledge. This story Mr. Shirley takes, it would seem, as a case of obsession—"the occupation of a body not dead but temporarily tenantless, by a spirit at the time without a body." But it seems to me that if we consult the valuable "Abnormal Psychology" by Dr. Coriat, and remember certain facts of telepathy, we shall hardly need to go so far as this. Lurancy, more probably, was in that very singular and mysterious condition that is conveniently indicated by the word "hysterical," and her knowledge would not seem to have transcended the consciousness of Mr. and Mrs. Roff. She asked, it is said, for certain treasures of the dead Mary: well, the knowledge that these things existed was certainly in the mind of Mrs. Roff, since she produced them at once. Mr. Shirley might reconsider the evidence, remembering the old maxim about not bringing a god on the scene, unless that is the only way of solving your dramatic difficulties.

It is very satisfactory to note that the author of "The New God" is free from that curious superstition which may be called the idol of modernity. Using a brief analogy, this superstition is that if the moderns like methylated as a steady drink, then it is quite right that they should have methylated; since methylated is the spirit of the age. And so, if the spirit of the age says that there is no God and that London is simply swarming with two-sided triangles, the sooner we agree the better, unless we want to be called reactionaries. Mr. Shirley is admirably free from these amusing fallacies. As he says, very justly:—

We have no original thoughts, no ideas to give us individuality. . . . It is not our forefathers who are dead, but we . . . we may well be described as *imagines*, *immo umbræ hominum* . . . we have nothing left that we can call our own, if it be not the smoke of our manufacturing and the stupendous complexity of our social life.

The language is severe, but it is doubtful whether it is too severe. And, bearing this description in mind, it is a little

odd to turn over a few pages and come across phrases about the "worn-out dogmas of the past," and the inexorable edicts of "science" against religion, and "the stern facts of to-day." It is certainly true that many moderns, those "dead" men, devoid of thought and true being whom the author has denounced, do not "see anything" in Christianity, and find in the works of St. Paul (oddly mentioned in this volume under the style of "that great organiser, Saul of Taurus") no personal feeling for the Christ, only "allusions to a quasi-legendary personality;" it is true that shapes and shadows of men have uttered every kind of folly about religion as about art. But it is strange indeed to find Mr. Shirley alluding to these absurdities as "the stern facts of to-day." The laws of grammar and arithmetic are not rendered null and void by the blunders of the booby class; and the fact that cheap photographs and novelettes appeal to the man in the street and the girl in the suburb above the masterpieces of painting and literature is not of the slightest consequence to any person with the remotest pretensions to intelligence. As for science, which is information—usually erroneous and always and necessarily imperfect—about surfaces, having any single word to say to the eternal voice of the spirit: I really cannot think that Mr. Shirley has brought himself to believe in so wild a dream.

Yet, I may be mistaken. I mentioned, I think, that the author of "The New God" was not devoid of the faculty of belief, and I find that he accepts as true the story that Cagliostro told of his own origin. And he who can credit that tale of Althotas and Arabia may, likely enough, believe in the final and supreme authority of science.

DREAMS AND PROFITS

The Persian Revolution. By EDWARD G. BROWNE, M.A., M.B., F.B.A. Illustrated. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. net.)

Persia and Turkey in Revolt. By DAVID FRASER. Illustrated. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 12s. 6d. net.)

It is very strange to compare the spirit of these two books. The prefaces are indicative of their contents. Mr. Fraser tells us that he was correcting proofs, "heaps of trash that meant a book on the stocks," when "the telephone at my side rang with sudden sharpness," and a voice from Printing House Square asked him if he would go forthwith as special correspondent to Persia, where "things were moving." Professor Browne, on the other hand, tells us that unwillingly and regretfully he forsook "for a while the pleasant paths of Persian literature to enter into the arid deserts of international politics." Mr. Fraser's book is markedly that of an eager, astute newspaper correspondent, out for stirring copy. Professor Browne's is that of a man imbued and saturated with Persian lore and Persian culture, full of zeal for Persian liberty, and with something of an intensely noble fire for the liberty of small peoples. It is not for him a matter for argument, but a theme for intensity. "Suppose," says he, "I have a beautiful garden filled with flowers of innumerable kinds which I love and which fills me with gladness and pride, and suppose some utilitarian bids me dig up and cast away these beautiful flowers and plant the garden with potatoes or cabbages, or even with one kind of beautiful flower only, on the ground that I shall thereby make more money,

or produce a more useful crop, I cannot argue with him, I can only oppose him with all my strength. And when people say (as, unhappily, many people in this country do say) that Persia is a backward country, which in the hands of its own people cannot be 'developed,' or only very slowly, and that the best thing that could happen is that some European Power, whether England or Russia, should step in and 'develop' it, whether its people like it or not, I feel as I do about the flower garden, that no material prosperity, no amount of railways, mines, gaols, gas, or drainage can compensate the world, spiritually and intellectually, for the loss of Persia." That at once strikes a note that compels one's attention, for we realise we have to face a man on fire, and that that fire is the rarest of all fires, being both moral and æsthetic.

Yet it must not be thought that because Professor Browne moves reluctantly out of academic air to engage in public affairs that he comes thereby unfitted for the strife. The man who thinks that makes a very profound mistake. Indeed, it is very delightful to see him with calm scorn correcting the illimitable errors of a very positive Press—that modern hierarchy thought infallible by all save those who know the manner of its working. One pronouncement he dubs fatuous; another pompous editorial earns the comment "the usual inane dissertation;" another is studded with deft *sics* in correction of its errors. Nor are these mere epithets, for Professor Browne, having set these follies aside, proceeds to give a coherent and orderly account of events, with added chapter and verse for all he says. Thus, while Mr. Fraser's book is enlivened with much incident, being chiefly the tale told by a sightseer who has sought to pick up the threads of the narrative, it is to Professor Browne that we must needs go for an orderly and complete account of a vital period of history. And though he calls his book "The Persian Revolution of 1905-1909," it is to a much earlier date that he goes so as to pick up the very beginnings of the sequent narrative.

Reading this book, it is with something more than whimsical fancy we recall the fact that Italian independence, too, dated very largely from a patriotic tobacco prohibition. For as it was in Milan so it appears to have been in Tihlán, except that in the former case it localised itself in cigars, whereas in the latter case it seems to have concerned itself with everything but cigars. How deeply the question of the Tobacco Concession of March 8th, 1890, sunk into and awakened the Persian national consciousness can best be realised when it is remembered that the whole Concession was brought to futility because a people whose lives, male and female, moved in a cloud of tobacco smoke decided, at a patriot's instigation, to abjure and renounce its favourite luxury till such time as the Concession should be revoked, so that at any rate its continuance should be valueless. This may be said to have awoken the national consciousness. It did this; but it did more. It directed the consciousness against a definite object, and thus gave it the opportunity of realising itself in a definite desire. For as the consciousness awoke it realised that its governor, the Shah, had sold something that caused the country considerable discomfort and loss for a very paltry personal gain. Moreover, his obstinate holding out against the national consciousness caused the nation to perceive that, however much it chose to be aware of itself, or unitedly desire a definite object, it was powerless against an absolute monarchy. Thus there arose the two great parties into whose hands the leadership of the Revolution has fallen: the "Nationalists" and the "Constitutionalists."

It is curious to note, as one reads Professor Browne's pages, the strange affinities that there exist in revolutions the wide world over. Despotism seems ever to be put to

the same shifts so as successfully to combat a people's impulse to liberty. In our own revolution, when sundry mercenary violences on the part of Charles had awoken a fierce national resentment and impetus, and had thrown an absolute monarchy into defence of its ancient privileges, it was not the people the king thought of, but himself. Therefore he did the thing of all things that was necessary to prove his inadequacy as a national chieftain (the origin of kingly power): he sought to buttress himself by selling the land to foreign Powers; he called in strangers as military auxiliaries. He endeavoured to place himself at the head, not of his country, but of his country's foes! And this same method we find faithfully reproduced in Persia. England's astonishing weakness and vacillation, now trusting her ancient instinct of liberty, and giving warm sympathy to a struggling people, now becoming cynically aware of mercenary ends, and hesitatingly aiding the Shah, put her out of the field of active influence. Russia was at hand, however, and her diplomatic craft is not less notorious than her hatred of liberty. So it was to Russia the Shah turned. A splendid opportunity fell to England to do what would have been not only a moral and generous thing, but, as events have shown, no less a sagacious and wise thing. But her preoccupation with *la haute politique* was in this case, as in so many another case, neither high policy nor low policy, but a very unprofitable and blundering policy.

Despite historic precedents, it is very amazing to read of a Russian regiment of Cossacks, under the command of a Russian Colonel, dominating the Persian capital at the bidding of the country's king. Of the diplomacy that led to the establishment of this Russian predominance, with the continual set-backs it entailed to English desires, it is impossible to speak in any complete sense, saving only to say that Professor Browne's book deals with it in ample detail and with an unexampled fund of first-hand knowledge. Of the granting of the constitution under the dying Muzaffarud-Din Shah, and of the implacable hatred with which his successor Muhammed 'Alī 'Mirzā met the new-established Assembly, statement must suffice in the room of comment. Professor Browne's mastery of intimate detail is nowhere better shown than in his account of the Shah's various *coups d'état*, and the events that led finally to hostilities, and the assertion of the fact that the issue was rather less an interneecine struggle than the voice of the Persian people in resolute protest against Russian predominance.

It is at this point that Mr. Fraser's book steps in with the vivid account of the eye-witness. Mr. Fraser will himself not expect it to be much more than supplementary to Professor Browne's volume, which must for some time remain the authoritative history (and the more authoritative because sympathetic history) of another nation's stirring struggle for liberty. The latter takes its place in a very noble library, whereas Mr. Fraser attempts no more than a vivid if ephemeral narrative concerning the things he saw and heard. But they both are subdued by a higher worth. For Persia is the land of dreams, the land of Firdawsi, Sadi, Hafiz, and old Omar Khayyām; whereas the powers struggling for the control and exploitation of her are concerned with neither dreams nor beauty, but only have a strewedly calculating eye on harsh profits. It is the drama of God and Mammon that is being enacted before us: God and Mammon, Dreams and Profits, Beauty and Gain. The very intrusion of a national voice is almost an impertinence here. The situation has a cosmic significance. It must needs call earnest attention, and both these books should be read by that rare few in this or any country that lay claim to, and are possessed by, the true spirit of culture,

CARMEN SYLVA'S EARLY REMINISCENCES

From Memory's Shrine. The Reminiscences of Carmen Sylva (H.M. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania). Translated from the German by EDITH HOPKIRK. Illustrated. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE critic, if he wishes to give an honest opinion of a book of this kind, must forget that Carmen Sylva is the Queen of Roumania. There is no need for him to go into the Throne-room, prostrate himself, and, with her majesty's latest volume in his hand, pour forth unstinted praise. The present volume is not without its faults. Carmen Sylva sometimes forgets that she is portraying the outlook of a child. Too often the Queen intrudes. Sometimes, as we have gathered round the shrine, through many delightful byways and never by a direct route, we are given a little grown-up moralising. These are defects in a book of this kind—inconsistencies that do not make for a well-balanced whole, and rob the reader of a charm he can only find here and there. Then, again, those who read this book will be struck by its extreme sadness, scarcely ever relieved by a lighter touch. There is always some one dying, or about to die, always some one ill, and the doctor and the undertaker seem to hover over almost every page. Of all the methods of literary expression in prose, autobiography undoubtedly makes the greatest claim upon the writer's skill. Charm can never be attained by blowing even softly on one's own trumpet. Why is Miss Matty in "Cranford" the most delightful of old ladies? Because Miss Matty has not a glimmering of an idea how quaint and charming she is. Now Carmen Sylva, though her style is for the most part wonderfully naïve, not infrequently hints at the early beginnings of her literary talent in no uncertain strain. After referring to the fact that she is a born poet, she writes:

I am never absent-minded, but always able to concentrate my thoughts on the matter in hand, and taking into consideration my lively imagination, I think this may be looked upon as an educational triumph!

Not at all. A great poet's absent-mindedness is one of his fascinations—the one thing we can quietly laugh at after we have been appalled by the wonder of his genius. In spite of the fact that too much stress has been laid upon Carmen Sylva's precocity as a child, we must not forget her frank and refreshing remarks concerning mathematics, even simple sums in addition, which we are given to understand are as distasteful to her as Queen as they were when she was Princess Elizabeth.

We are introduced first of all to Clara Schumann, a brave, pathetic figure playing her husband's music at a time when the great composer was out of his mind. Ernst Moritz Arndt, Bernays, Fanny Lavator, Bunsen, Perthes, as well as two retainers, Masset and Lang, are vividly set before us. Carmen Sylva's shrine of memory is far from being exclusively devoted to recollections of royalties and the distinguished men and women she met as a child. She pays a splendid tribute to the devotion of certain dependents, and we like the charity that not only recognises, but loves the work of those in a humble position in life.

The fact that many of the titles of the chapters are a little misleading is rather an attraction than otherwise. We are given many pleasant surprises, and it so happens that several of the side-issues that are not honoured by capitals at the head of the chapter are often more interesting than the main theme itself. Not infrequently the main theme is subordinate to various minor happenings. Carmen Sylva

is at her best when she is really describing the thoughts and doings of a child. Here is a pleasing passage:—

How I loved that doll! It looked just like a little princess in a fairy-tale, or a fairy itself, sleeping there in the beautiful rose-coloured light. . . . Demonstrations of affection never being encouraged—in fact, being rather sternly repressed in our family—all my pent-up tenderness poured itself out on my dolls, and also on my little horse-hair pillow, which I used to hug and kiss in gratitude every night before going to sleep.

Carmen Sylva seems to fear that children nowadays have lost all belief in fairyland. She writes:—

Poor little things! Can it really be that there is no fairy land for them, no enchanted isles in the distant ocean, no kingdoms to conquer, no heroic deeds to be performed, that their souls find complete satisfaction in the prosaic details of everyday life . . . ?

Carmen Sylva need not grow alarmed. Children still clap for Tinker Bell to grow well again, still write letters to Peter Pan, and ask that delightful sprite to teach them to fly with the wings of a fairy!

Many readers will be interested in the chapter entitled "A Faith-Healer," dealing with the early days of what was then known as "animal magnetism" as applied to those who were in pain. But the moving of tables and other objects by the mere contact of fingers, and the restoring to health of Carmen Sylva's mother by Count Szápary's mesmeric power, are, after all, not so haunting or so wonderful as the concluding chapter descriptive of the little suffering Prince Otto, one of Carmen Sylva's brothers. This is indeed a powerful sketch of a child who suffered in a way we hope few children suffer. The agony of the little fellow is set before us without restraint. We endorse the remark made about him to the effect that he was too good for this world. He seemed to have within that tortured body of his the making of a saint. He appeals to us most, however, when he refrains from quoting Scripture, such as, "Thy will be done," and gives his sorrowing mother a birthday present, as well as a gift when she shall have passed through another year—when he had gone. No one can read these intimate, sorrowful pages, or hear the child cry his last word, "Help!" without silently rejoicing that he who suffered so much should have found peace at last. In these closing pages we must write of Carmen Sylva, having criticised and appreciated her work, as a Queen who has shown us her heart. It is not only a privilege to have been permitted to stand by her shrine of memory, but we feel that Roumania is a fortunate country to be ruled by one who has so much fine, deep feeling, such an understanding of the human heart in high places, as well as among those born in lowly circumstances.

WAS MONTAIGNE A PAMPHLETEER?

Montaigne Pamphlétaire: L'Énigme du "Contr'un." By DR. ARMAINGAUD. (Hachette and Co. 3f. 50c.)

WE doubt if Montaigne is nowadays as widely read in this country as he used, and still deserves, to be, but admirers of the great French essayist will find a good deal to interest them in this curious book by Dr. Armaingaud. It represents his share in a long controversy which has taken place between him and several other scholars—MM. Paul Bonnefon, Fortunat Strowski, Dezeimeris, Pierre Villey, Henri Barckhausen, Barrère, and Edme Champion—respecting the authorship of the famous "Discours de la Servitude volontaire," nicknamed the "Contr'un," which, on the authority of Montaigne, has, until present times, always been ascribed

to his friend, Etienne de la Boétie. Dr. Armaingaud, however, contends that the "Contr'un" was really the work of Montaigne himself, and sets forth his case with some degree of plausibility. Nevertheless he has convinced neither his fellow-controversialists nor ourselves. To put the case briefly, La Boétie died in 1563, and Dr. Armaingaud holds that the "Contr'un" must have been written at a later date, and that the tyrannical prince against whom it was directed was Henri III. of France. The prince in question is described in the pamphlet as a mere manikin, the most cowardly and effeminate of the nation, one unaccustomed not only to the powder of battle, but also to the sanded lists of the tournament, incompetent to command men, and even unfit to be a woman's husband. Now, La Boétie lived under three reigns, those of Henri II., François II., and Charles IX.; and there is a general agreement among the learned disputants on this question of the "Contr'un" that neither Henri II. nor Charles IX. was a prince answering the description of the one who is portrayed in the pamphlet.

None of them seems to have thought, however, of the short intervening reign of François II., to whom, in our opinion, the description in the pamphlet would well apply. We are therefore not disposed to deprive La Boétie of the authorship of this famous factum and assign it to Montaigne. We feel certainly that the latter was in error when he stated that La Boétie wrote the "Contr'un" in his youth, but we see no reason why it should not have been written between July, 1559, and December, 1560, when La Boétie was about thirty years of age. It is evident that the "Contr'un" was inspired by the great struggle between the Catholics and the Huguenots: and between the two dates we have just mentioned there occurred events which would have amply sufficed to induce an indignant man to write such a pamphlet. We refer Dr. Armaingaud to the execution of Councillor Anne Du Bourg and many other prominent Huguenots; we refer him also to the famous "Conjuration d'Amboise," and to all the acts of cruelty and tyranny which followed it. That conspiracy was largely, if not entirely, a Huguenot one, and its actual leader, La Renaudie, was a nobleman of Périgord—La Boétie's native region. Moreover, the prince is termed in the pamphlet a *hommeau*—a manikin. Well, François II. became King when he was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and he was not yet seventeen when he died. He was physically weak, scrofulous, a degenerate in every respect, and by no means a fit husband for the woman to whom, for State reasons, he had been married—that is, the young, beautiful, and ardent Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Further, François never witnessed a battle nor took part in a tournament, whilst, as for his courage, it is on record that his uncle, the Duke de Guise, described him as *le cœur le plus poltron qui fût jamais*.

It is known that the "Contr'un" was not published until 1577, when Henri III. was King of France, and some suppose that the manuscript was stolen from Montaigne, in whose keeping it had long remained, and who at one period had promised to publish it. Doubtless he was deterred from doing so by political considerations and a fear of the consequences. He was, at all events, a "professed" Catholic, and when the pamphlet did appear it was under Huguenot auspices. We think it quite possible that those who gave it to the world may have revised it here and there—brought it up to date, so to say—in order that the people who read it might regard it as an attack on the reigning monarch. But we are not disposed to believe that Montaigne himself was a party to anything of that kind. His letters to Marshal Matignon and others show his loyalty to Henri III. Doubtless he was also friendly to Henri de Navarre, but there is no evidence that he ever indulged in any treasonable practices. Dr. Armaingaud makes much of the fact that Henri de Navarre appointed Montaigne a

gentleman of his chamber, as though in reward for some great service. We do not think, however, that the service in question was the writing of a pamphlet against Henri III. Besides, Montaigne's father had been a Gentleman of the Chamber to Antoine de Bourbon, the father of Henri de Navarre; and the Montaignes being important folk of Guienne, and the Kings of Navarre being hereditary Governors of that province of France, such appointments may be regarded as mere matters of course.

We could bring forward other points in opposition to Dr. Armaingaud's views, but have not space to do so. We will only add that, in our opinion, he and his fellow-disputants would do well to study in Henri Martin, or Sismondi, or Michelet, or Laviisse that brief reign of François II. which they all appear to have overlooked. We feel convinced that François is the prince alluded to in the pamphlet, and that the latter was really La Boétie's work, touched up here and there perhaps when, many years after his death, it was at last sent to a Huguenot printing-press.

THE WISDOM OF WONDER

I Wonder. Essays for the Young People. By the Writer of "Confessio Medici." (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

WE have learned to look with pleasurable anticipation for the new volumes of sane, unpretentious, and yet thought-provoking philosophy which are put forward from time to time by the author of "Confessio Medici." Our only serious cause for complaint with the present volume lies in the title. This is *not* a book for young people. They might laugh at it, they might be bored by it; even if they liked it, they would almost certainly fail to understand it. We suspect that it is the author's modesty which leads him to address his philosophy ostensibly to the young. It enables him to take up the attitude of an open-minded mentor, pleasantly dogmatic in the whole-hearted fashion possible only when one is dealing with an audience presumably much younger and less wise than oneself. To all grandparents, fathers, and uncles—to all who have any intimate relations with young folk—the little volume is cordially recommended. We wish that it were incumbent upon all school-teachers to read the book at least three times, to get some of it by heart, and to be able to give an intelligible account of the whole.

The author sets a pathetic quotation from "Hard Times" upon his title-page; and it is plain that the commercialism, the worship of the fact that rules not only the scholastic world, but also the average private paternal mind, to-day, must irk this prophet of beauty and wonder as the coloured pictures presented with soap and treacle must irk the souls of such artists as Sargent and Augustus John. In an age of aeroplanes and cinematographed microbes, a day when children, taking everything for granted, would refuse to be surprised should one inform them that Pegasus himself, gold-shod, with great wings furled, waited their pleasure at the garden-end, this voice in the wilderness pleads passionately for the encouragement and stimulation of the sense of wonder. The baby finds its heritage, as Dr. Paget delightfully says, when first it discovers and ponders upon the wonder that fingers are not the same as toes; after this the wonder sense grows and grows; then, if never encouraged, but on the contrary, resolutely crushed both by precept and example, it begins to diminish, and, under ordinary circumstances, dies out for ever at about the age of seven. The author is very positive about the loss incurred. Aristotle, he says, calls Wonder the beginning of the love of Wisdom:—

Once we have fallen into the bad habit of taking for granted what Nature grants us, and have ceased to be

amazed, it may fairly be said that in the midst of life we are in death. For one might as well be dead as alive, to look with dull eyes at the world, not finding it wonderful. He will not have us wonder if, or when, or where; or say, the wonder is—we are only to wonder at. This is very sound sense and excellent philosophy; which things are not always one. If people would stop wondering if—it would save an unthinkable amount of unnecessary worry.

A certain capacity and training are admitted as necessary factors of really capable wondering. You must learn to think and be unafraid to feel before you can exercise your wondering powers to real advantage:—

Beware of thinking that you can think of the Infinite. Never apply this adjective to space. Finite and infinite are not words that should be used of measures, intervals, or contrasts between this and that point of the universe.

Long before we get to the other, we are at the end of our powers of imagination: it takes a Fellow of the Royal Society to think of the interstellar ether.

The Ego, the Self, is not measurable by any measure of space, nor of time either; and to ask, Where is Self? is like asking how far it is from twelve o'clock to London Bridge.

In the chapter entitled "The Wonder of Matter" the author sets out to prove that people never make anything. They only change something which they have into some other thing which was not there before. He illustrates the proposition by this delicious aphorism:—

The sculptor does not make the statue: he takes a block of marble and destroys a lot of it, and the rest is the statue.

People who are accustomed to wondering should read this book, to ascertain whether they have wondered properly; and any one who has never wondered should certainly read it in order to cultivate a sensation at once new, delightful, and entirely inexpensive.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

Death: Its Causes and Phenomena; with Special Reference to Immortality. By HEReward CARRINGTON and JOHN R. MEADER. (Wm. Rider and Son. 8s. 6d. net.)

SOMEBODY once remarked that Man consents to die because he cannot avoid it. The authors of this treatise are of opinion that such consent is in most cases prematurely given, and they set out therein to demonstrate that there is not the slightest need in the world to die. Death is merely a bad habit, and ought to be given up. Death being the cessation of the vital functions, all that one needs to do is to live upon fruit, join the ranks of what, we believe, are technically known as "gazers," or, to put it popularly, "metapsychicists," and avoid anything tending to the disruption of vitality. If this be done one need have no fear whatsoever of the untimely approach of senile decay or other unpleasant incident interfering with our bodily and spiritual enjoyment of the good things of this life. And yet, according to the authors, what a tempting prospect is opened up by that grim and, thanks to fruitarianism, obsolete old person erstwhile known as Death! For now, largely owing to the scientific researches of Messrs. Carrington and Meader, we know with considerable exactitude what life is, and what happens when it ceases.

Life is nothing more nor less than a species of vibration. Our watchword for the future must accordingly be "Vibrate." If once you cease to vibrate—in other words, once you get out of tune with the Cosmos—out you go into the nethermost darkness. Or, rather, you do just the reverse. You become a disembodied spirit, and spend the

rest of your time at spiritualistic *séances*, than which there could obviously be no more delightful occupation. The authors reproduce photographs of a departing spirit (the plates are rather badly "fogged," but that, of course, is due to the spirit being a little impish, perhaps, in its excitement at being for the first time freed from the fetters of the body), and these photographs emphasise the view that the "soul" is of a gaseous consistency. We are told a good deal in these pages of its other attributes. Thus, according to carefully and conscientiously conducted weighing tests, its weight is approximately half an ounce. If you happen to be a pusillanimous person, of course you may not reach that figure. Disembodied spirits are very loquacious beings, and not noted for good manners; but perhaps they do not often get the opportunity of a friendly chat, so one must make allowances.

The authors are righteously indignant at the general apathy with which the topic of Death is regarded. After all Death is a most important part of one's life. We are gratified to note that it is not so unpleasant, *per se*, as being born. Most of us take no pains to conceal our displeasure upon that occasion. But the authors are firmly convinced that there is too much of the *laissez-aller* about humanity. "Rise like some guest who hath drunk well and deep, and now no longer can his eyelids keep from closing. Rise and hie thee home to rest, and enter calmly upon the unending sleep," is an adjuration as mischievous in practice as it is misconceived in principle. As Dr. Rabagliati well puts it, "The immediate cause of human natural death is nearly always such a choking up or blocking of the human house of life by excessive exercise of tropho-dynamic—i.e., poly-siteism, kako-siteism, and pollaki-siteism, and poly-potism, kako-potism, and pollaki-potism, that anthropino-bio-dynamic is compelled to leave the body, as it is no longer a fit house for life." Unfortunate anthropino-bio-dynamic! What a dreadful death! But we agree *in toto* with the learned doctor; we could not have expressed it more lucidly ourselves. We are pleased to note that Count Perovsky-Petrovo-Solovovo was also among the number of those who sent in an answer in the little competition organised by the authors upon the topic "What is Death?" On the other hand we are much shocked by the replies of two or three among those selected for the honour of being approached upon the subject. One "well-known physician," who is wisely left nameless, expresses himself as follows:—

Dear Sir,— . . . I do not take the slightest interest in either the physiological or psychological aspects of the death question. Metchnikoff, however, has considerable to say on the subject. I have no theories as to the cause of natural death, nor, in fact, on any other subject.—Yours very truly, ———

Perhaps the worthy doctor was too busy keeping people alive. All crystal-gazers, table-rappers, and other species of spiritualist should peruse this work.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Religious Indifferentism. (Published by the Author, IVAN CONSTANTINOVITCH BOIATZIS, Doctor of Philosophy. Price 40 kopecks.)

IN this interesting little work, which has been printed and published by the author in some secret printing-office in Russia or on the Continent, is contained a concise exposition of the growth of the various great religions of the world, and an explanation why so many of their adherents in all countries are becoming indifferent to the creeds they are generally supposed to follow. It is also a strong appeal in

favour of more toleration between men. The author is of the opinion that the majority of religions originated from man imagining himself to be dependent on the goodwill of unknown powers, whom he called gods, and, not being able to guide his own actions with certainty, he thought that his fate depended not on himself, but on these unknown arbiters of his destiny. In consequence of that belief many faiths gradually came into existence in various parts of the globe.

The author's plea for religious tolerance and a return to the simplicity and beauty of old classical life, with all its poetry and worship of the beautiful, is nothing new, but it is seldom that so much is expressed in such a little space as in this small pamphlet of some forty pages. The whole book is an appeal for tolerance in its very widest sense, which will make the citizens of the world not enemies, but brothers to one another. According to the author—

Religious tolerance will do away with traditional prejudices and lift the curtain separating one people from another. It will also restore peace between the different nations, and unite all the children of the earth into one peaceful, quiet, and cultured family, since the elements of these so-called religions are only bogeys to frighten children or keep them in order. Lastly, when man has freed himself from prejudice, which darkens his understanding; when he learns to understand that morality is a thing which is common to the whole human race, and that, when it is combined with good works, is all-sufficient, without superfluous ceremonies, to bring man to "the island of the blest"—then will come that blessed time when the entire human race will be freed from the yoke of the priests.

These sentiments seem exceedingly beautiful; but if we get rid of the priests how are the people to be taught the elements of morality? The priests are there because they are a necessity, and woe to them and to humanity wherever and whenever they abuse their sacred office. There is much in this little pamphlet—which ought to be translated into English—worthy of serious thought; and some things which might very well have been omitted. But every living man and woman can join the author in his appeal for tolerance and more charity between mankind, even if we cannot endorse all his heterodox, and at times startling, religious opinions.

Études d'Histoire et d'Art. By E. BERTAUX, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Lyon. (Hachette and Co. 3f. 50c.)

IN the four studies comprised in this volume M. Bertaux has shown great skill and ingenuity in following up difficult clues. The interdependence of art and history is the central motif, but sometimes one of these two elements prevails, sometimes the other. In the admirable study entitled "Botticelli, Costumier," for instance, it is the æsthetic point of view that is most strongly insisted on. History is called in to justify art. In the other three essays the historical interest rather carries the day; art corroborates or elucidates history. Of these three perhaps the most interesting is that on the two St. Louis, the King of France, and his less-known kinsman, Bishop of Toulouse, and son of Charles II. of Anjou, King of Sicily. The frequent appearance of these two saints in the religious art of Italy, often in close association, and generally under Franciscan auspices, provides M. Bertaux with an interesting problem which the occasional confusion of the attributes of the two only serves to enhance. The essay which bears the name "Le Tombeau d'une Reine de France en Calabre" is also concerned partly with St. Louis the King, as the Queen in question was his daughter-in-law, Isabella, wife of Philip the Bold, and her death occurred during the return of the French from Tunis with the bones of the royal saint. The statue of Philip the Bold that appears on this monument is probably, according

to M. Bertaux, the oldest authentic portrait of a king represented as living. The study on the Borgias in Spain throws curious sidelights on history, carrying us to the cradle of this illustrious and sinister race, and showing us that it has produced saints as well as monsters.

"Botticelli, Costumier," is perhaps the most interesting study of all. It might serve as an excellent corrective to those who have been irritated by the Botticelli cant of some years ago. M. Bertaux shows how this painter used simple and legitimate variations of the fashions of his day to give eternal grace to his female faces and figures. Two points in particular are insisted upon—the daring combination of coiffure and necklace, as illustrated in the Venus of the National Gallery, and the decorative use of wild flowers. In this latter procedure, which makes the magic of the "Primavera," Botticelli is shown to have displayed the most daring originality. At the close of this suggestive chapter, dealing entirely with matters of technique, M. Bertaux makes a somewhat humorous *volte-face*, denounces the historical study of technique, and pays homage to the inexplicable in the mind of the genius.

Origins and Meanings of Popular Phrases and Names. By BASIL HARGRAVE. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

FROM a somewhat cursory examination of this book we think the author's object, as explained in the foreword, has been fulfilled. Mr. Hargrave admits at once that an exhaustive epitome of the origin and meaning of words and phrases which are in everyday use, with their explanation, must necessarily be encyclopædic, and he admits that he has found no new criterion for selection or omission except that of his own fancy. There are other works of the same character, but they do not appear to be quite so much up to date as the present volume. All such books are of great use in the library, where a writer, though perfectly well aware of the explanation of the terms which he desires to employ, is often for the moment puzzled in consequence of having too great a flow of thoughts or having too many subjects in hand which claim his attention. So far as we have been able to examine the little volume, we think that it is correct as regards derivation and lucid as regards explanation. We do not know that it is possible to say more of a *vade-mecum* of this kind in order to recommend it alike to those who are literary and those who would like to be.

Vergil—The Georgics. A Translation of Books I. and II. By F. P. SHIPHAM, M.A. And Books III. and IV. By A. IRWIN NESBITT, M.A. (The University Tutorial Press. 2s. 6d.)

THE renderings by the above-named authors seem to us to be good. Mæcenas, with rare intuition, saw that a work about farming, gardening, viticulture, apiculture, and the like from the pen of a literary man would appeal to the Romans, who, from the retired Consul or General downwards, were devoted to gardening. We venture humbly to follow in Mæcenas's train. We hold that subjects far less fascinating than those which relate to the cultivation of the soil and the animate and inanimate creations which draw their sustenance direct from it can be treated as literature, and can thus appeal to minds which would be repelled by the ordinary Farmer's, Gardener's, or Bee-keeper's Annual. In Book III. a passage is well rendered thus:—

I clearly see how great a labour it is to cope in my verse with such a theme [the treatment of fleecy flocks and shaggy goats], and so give dignity to a lowly argument.

But a pleasing ardour hurries me over untrodden peaks of Parnassus: it likes me to traverse crags where no track of former poets bends aside towards Castalia along an easy slope. Now, revered Pales, now must I sing in a lofty strain.

Onward from the *Bucolics* to the *Georgics*, Vergil treated homely affairs with the lofty touch and skill of the poet. The authors of the volume under review have well interpreted Vergil's spirit and literary grace.

The Origin of the Pentateuch. By HAROLD M. WIENER. (Elliot Stock. 1s. 6d. net.)

THIS is not the first essay of Mr. Wiener in the field of criticism, not of that text of the Bible, but of those critics who have at times handled the text so violently. Mr. Wiener's self-imposed task is to defend the Scriptures, or rather the Pentateuch, from the onslaughts of these critics, and he does not handicap himself by any unnecessary consideration for the feelings of his opponents in his counter-attack on them. A careful weighing of all the arguments which Mr. Wiener adduces in fairness of the authenticity of the Old Testament narrative would be out of place in our pages. It is proper to a journal of a more technical description. Nevertheless, one cannot forbear to praise the lucid manner in which Mr. Wiener sets forth his arguments, or the handy introduction which this little volume forms to the subject of the Higher Criticism.

FICTION

Perpetua. By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. (Alston Rivers. 6s.)

PERPETUA had sat as a small child to Brian M'Cree, an artist. One day she came to his studio with her belongings in a paper parcel, and informed him that her mother was dead, and that she was pleased to adopt him as a father. Brian, being nothing if not unconventional, accepted this honour without demur. With the assistance of John Diamond, a barrister, and his very dear friend, he investigated the origins of the child, without, however, discovering more than the old story of a betrayal and desertion of her mother by her father. Meantime he had sent Perpetua to his friends the Daintrys, mother and daughter, to have a wardrobe purchased, and to be taught such things as well-bred ladies teach children. In the evening he found her imperially clothed in purple of her own choosing, and the conquest was complete. Presently Brian conceived the idea of going abroad with the child. This he did after first visiting his mother, a lady of a beautiful absent-mindedness and the unconscious maker of much laughter, in the passing sketch of whom Mr. Calthrop shows his fine skill to the full.

With the going abroad of Brian and Perpetua the most charming part of the story begins. After a delightful chapter of impressions of France and Italy, one day they meet a person who calls himself Alphonse Lamballe. He is the proprietor of a circus in monetary distress; he is also a most amusing gentleman, a compound of many stagey and usually "heavy" rôles, but always his cheery, loud-voiced, theatrical self, whom no reverse can daunt and no failure can dull. Those who remember Léon Berthelini in "Providence and the Guitar" will welcome him as a brother. With a quixotic impulse Brian comes to his aid, redeems his elephant Maria Theresa from pawn, and joins the circus troop with the object of

painting scenes of its life. With the caravan he and Perpetua wander about France for some years, and become favourites with all the performers, not excepting Maria Theresa. Then Perpetua shows signs of growing up, and Brian is made by more than one person to see the necessity of sending her to school. This he at last arranges to do. On the morrow of Maria Theresa's death from eating paint, a most piteous event and perfectly told, Perpetua goes into a convent. When the door of the convent shuts upon her it also, unfortunately, shuts on the magic of the tale. At this point something went wrong with Mr. Calthrop, and he spoilt his book. What follows when Perpetua grows up we will not recount; we should be only too happy to forget it, and to remember her only as a child. There is a swindler, we think, and an ex-convict, and a dissipated young man, very rich, whom Perpetua marries; there are prayers and tears, and gnashings of teeth, and much sorrow for every one, especially for the reader; then there are lightning flashes and a murder, and a glimpse of a trial, and a happy ending of sorts.

These things, as we have said, are best forgotten. They do not belong to Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop at all; they are mere nightmares with which no writer has less to do. Still, this fall from grace will be forgotten easily; it is so commonplace. But Monsieur Lamballe and his wife, and Mrs. O'Cree, and Stella Dainty, and Brian, and Perpetua, during her childhood, and many bits of scenery and much charming talk will linger long in the memory.

Flamsted Quarries. By MARY E. WALLER. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

"FLAMSTED QUARRIES" is a powerfully written book by the author of "The Wood Carver of Lympos." The city of New York and the granite quarries of Maine are the *locale* of the story, which is sentimental in its opening, but becomes more lifelike later on. We have sketches of Miss Aileen Armagh, the gossip life of a small town, the carefully-nurtured hatred of a woman against another whom she knew was the only woman her husband really loved. Champney, the hero of the story, making a fatal mistake in his effort to get rich, pays the penalty. All these characters, with a lovable priest, Father Honoré, who has lived, loved, and suffered, make a more than usually interesting life-story.

We think the authoress is a little wrong in her idea of the punishment visited on a man who, using other people's money and losing it, replaces it all through a friend's aid, but still gets seven years' penal servitude, during the whole of which time he is apparently engaged in stone-breaking. This may be poetic licence, but, if true (and we hardly think it can be), a United States wrongdoer is punished much more severely than his English compatriot. The story makes quite interesting reading throughout.

Just to Get Married. By CICELY HAMILTON. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

THE construction of a play from a novel, although seldom encouraged by the success of the play, is yet in itself not unjustifiable. An effort must be made, in translating the story into terms of the stage, towards concentration and compression. If this be done, and the gist of the matter retained, an artistic triumph can be registered. But the reverse process, that of writing novels around plays—of late years occurring more frequently—possesses none of the stimuli of artistic difficulties to be overcome, and, we are afraid, has no *raison d'être* apart from commerce. The present novel embodies the play of the same name, which

has been the most successful of Miss Gertrude Kingston's productions at the Little Theatre. We must thank Miss Cicely Hamilton for not clogging the action of a delightful story with unnecessary padding. The novel is, in fact, little more than a printed play, but with the stage directions unitalicised.

The story is another phase of the attitude that went towards the making of that freshly observed comedy "Diana of Dobson's." Holding the stage in each is Woman in Revolt, her back against the wall and her "hanky" in her hand; hysterical, rude, truth-telling at any cost, but quite alive. In this case it is a pretty woman of twenty-nine who is engaged upon a campaign which everyone considers "her last chance." The man is terribly shy and *difficile*. On the last evening of his stay at her uncle's country house her nerve breaks and she lashes out before the other women, speaking bitter self-scorn and brazenly ignoring all pleasant conventions. But that night, after all hope had left her, the man does summon up courage to propose. The night before the day arranged for the wedding she lashes out again, and, telling him she has never really cared for him, breaks off her engagement. Of course, she does really care, and all ends happily and neatly. If the man had not been so backward, if she had not grown so sick with hope deferred, there would probably have been no story; yet doubtless the exercising of her wits upon things fundamental did the girl nothing but good.

Miss Cicely Hamilton is to be congratulated upon the fine naturalness and nervous force of her conversation.

The Mistress of Shenstone. By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY. (Putnam's Sons. 6s.)

READERS of "The Rosary," Mrs. Barclay's previous novel, will suffer considerable disappointment when they take up its successor, "The Mistress of Shenstone," for, although they will meet several of the characters to whom they became attached in the earlier work, they will find a regrettable decline in the authoress's skill. "The Rosary" was a novel that stood out far above the average of English fiction, and the fact compelled attention, thought, and admiration. The prevailing tone of the book was one of strength, and the reader rose from it refreshed and better fitted to cope with the troubles of everyday life. "The Mistress of Shenstone" has no such result. At the best it is merely an average novel, and certainly does not rise above the not very high level of 90 per cent. or more of current fiction. We miss the fire and glow of which we know Mrs. Barclay to be capable, and her characters and situations fail to take possession of us as did those in her earlier work. Perhaps if Mrs. Barclay had not written "The Rosary" our disappointment with the present story would have been less keen. The cause of this decline, if we may hazard a guess at it, may be due to haste—that is to say, Mrs. Barclay does not appear to have thought out a story before she commenced to write it.

Passers-By. By ANTHONY PARTRIDGE. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

WHAT more can a reader want than an excellent story, cosmopolitan as to place and as to characters, with wicked, dissolute Frenchmen into the bargain? Here we have a dwarf, a girl, and a monkey (Chicot) wandering in search of a man on whom the story centres. Millions of francs are supposed to be hidden in a piano-organ. The head of the French detective police is engaged, an English peer is involved, there are murders *ad lib.*, and the interest is maintained right up to the end. We must make one remark as

to the peer's wife. Seeing that he is evidently in great mental distress, she inquires what is the matter, and if her assistance is of any use. The peer says he loves her, as she knows, and no further questions must be asked, to which she assents, saying, "It would be *bourgeois* of me to inquire further." We have not as yet met this type of woman, but are glad to find it exists, although apparently confined to the peerage.

THE THEATRE

"A FOOL THERE WAS" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

It was Mr. Herbert Sleath who brought to England one of America's best and brightest efforts, entitled "The Woman in the Case." Undaunted, he has now given us the opportunity of seeing yet another American effort; and this, if we look at it with as much of the American point of view as we are able, is even better and brighter. Upon the untravelled Englishman Mr. Herbert Sleath is conferring an inestimable favour. He is giving him a rare insight into the character and intelligence of the American nation by bringing over to this country those of their plays which have been received with respect, admiration, and even awe. The Englishman's preconceived idea of the American, obtained mostly from illustrated advertisements of clothes and food stuffs, is that he is a big, strong, square-jawed, penetrating, reserved, inventive, hard man. He gathers that he wears a mass of padding on each shoulder and rather less padding in the tips of his boots. He thinks of him gazing magnetically at his victim, at whom he points a spatulate forefinger saying "It's your money I want." Mr. Herbert Sleath gives us an unique opportunity of correcting such notions. He proves to us that some Americans are very much like the farm hands and yokels in those of our English villages that are far away from towns; that they are only able to understand and appreciate the rudimentary; and that they have no sense of refinement, no eye for delicacy, no ear for wit. "A Fool There Was," by Porter Emerson Browne, which, according to the programme, is based on Rudyard Kipling's worst poem, "The Vampire," is, like "The Woman in the Case"—the sort of thing which we are given to understand was produced in England early in the eighteenth century—and which may still be seen for fourpence in the mining districts.

It is, however, worth while to treat "A Fool There Was" with some seriousness, simply because it does provide us with an admirable *clou* to the intellectuality of the well-educated American. This, honestly, is the story. There is a man, high up in the politics of New York, in the confidence of the President, who is about to leave his wife and child on an important diplomatic mission. We are shown this bull-necked person in his country home. We see his willowy wife, who is always on the verge of tears and laughter, and his lisping little daughter, who has of course an insatiable appetite for fairy-stories. We also see his friend, a young millionaire, who is endowed with an almost alarming faculty of platitudinous simile. Domestic love is indulged in with great force. Husband and wife do not merely kiss. They hug and pat one another and call one another the most affectionate and distressing pet names. Between these exhibitions of seaside demonstrativeness the friend, not to be silenced by tact or clear hint, talks and talks. He is a kind of "Mr. Dooley," without his point or accent. Suddenly all the lights go down with a flick, and some one rolls a cannon-ball over a sheet of tin-foil. It is quite unlike any of the summer storms we have in England,

although it may be an exact representation of a storm in Larchmont, U.S.A. "See here—if I were a superstitious man," laughs the husband as he gets into his overcoat, "I might take this for an ill-omen." Curtain.

Three minutes later we are on the promenade deck of a liner at the Pier. There are many quick-moving officers, a crowd of passengers, one of whom you will notice wears the much-discussed harem skirt, the friend, still talking, and a man who staggers to and fro, determined to attract attention. The mother and her child are there too. Then comes aboard a woman who wears a comic hat and startling clothes, who snaps her heavily made-up eyes, smiles at nothing, and carries a large bunch of red roses. Ah, it is the Vampire. . . . Nonsense! Surely we are not going to be asked to believe that such a creature can fascinate and allure? Yes; for there is creepy music on the band, and the staggering man rushes forward, presents a "gun" at the woman's head, and growls inarticulate rage and love. Her eyes snap more quickly, her smile widens. "Kisssss meeeeee," she commands, rather rudely adding, "my fool." But the staggering man, more than ever determined upon attracting attention, puts the "gun" to his own head, fires, and falls. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! from the comic lady, as she glides away in imitation of all the Salomes. Sensation among the passengers. "Dead," says the doctor. The greatly-annoyed captain orders the body away. Enter the honourable politician and the friend. The mother and the child are there too. Much kissing, while the friend talks. The comic face of the Vampire suddenly appears from a state cabin. The husband gazes, falters, trembles. "What is the matter, dadda?" "N—nothing, my d—darling. N—nothing. Good-bye. So long." . . . "All ashore! Who's goin' ashore?" . . . Much movement. Whistles blow. Siren shrieks. Stage-hands go into the wings. Silence. The Vampire is trucked into a deck-chair, nursing her red roses, more comic than ever beneath a bear's skin. She raises her snapping eyes. The husband catches them—gasps, trembles, fumbles for his hat, and is drawn forward, step by step. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Curtain. Tableau. Two hundred miles at sea. (Five bells.) The husband is gazing at the cabin of the Vampire. He has had no dinner. He is too deeply moved to chew gum. He has not smoked a single cigar. The mother and her child have gone. . . . "All's well and a fine night." . . . Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Curtain.

We are back in the husband's country house, Larchmont. Five weeks later. There are roses, roses everywhere, and there is a sister, a very sensible woman, with cut-and-dried views on divorce. There is also the friend, the mother, and her child. The husband is still away. Why? The sister guesses. She is a sensible woman. The friend knows. The sister further guesses that the friend knows. She is an almost uncomfortably sensible woman. She accuses the friend, and the friend puffs out his chest, plants his right foot firmly, draws himself to what is called his full height, and denies everything. He is a good man, although he must be an indescribable nuisance at his club. He then tells the child a fairy-story with all the hills and hollows of intonation which have hitherto been the characteristic of Sir Charles Wyndham. He loves the wife—ah! yes; even as we feared—he loves the wife, and therefore he will save the husband. Then the sister, who is an imitative woman, utters a platitude: "If only women were as loyal to women as men are loyal to men!" Curtain, which is lowered for three minutes to rise on the library of the husband's house in New York City. There are several books. The husband is in disgrace. The President has punished his so trusted friend by forcing his resignation. Why? Because all the world knows that the Vampire is living in scarlet shame, scattering scarlet rose-leaves under

the husband's roof. New York, you see, is a highly moral city. It is now time for the woman to show us how she allures, how she has brought about the social and physical ruin of her new victim. She proceeds to do so—earnestly, whole-heartedly, unsparingly. The semblance of covering that she wears is extremely ugly. The only thing to which her incessant roses can be fastened is a belt. She gives a very fair imitation of skating. Then she indulges in an exhibition of the methods of deer-stalkers, or Boy-Scouts. Sometimes she growls like a wolf, sometimes she barks like a hyena. Then having, at her persistent invitation, been severely kissed, she slithers away with a Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! The friend arrives, immaculately dressed. This is the opportunity of his life for the impassioned delivery of mixed metaphor, undiluted bombast, and New York journalese. There is a scene. The men are so moved that they shout "Hell!" frequently. It is a moment of great "heart-interest." The friend almost wins the husband away from his sinful and tiring life when the woman slides in. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! goes she, and the friend bangs the door.

Larchmont again. One year later. The friend and the sister talk each other down for a considerable time. The mother and her child are there, and so is the butler. All nice Americans have butlers, whether they have been to Europe or not. The sister advises divorce more sensibly than ever. The friend makes it quite clear to all that he loves the wife more madly, more passionately than ever, and then advises the wife not to divorce her husband, but to stick to him. "Schtick, my dear, schtick," he says, softly and repeatedly. Curtain. Rising again three minutes later we find the library in a horrid state of dust and broken bottles. The husband almost swims in brandy. His hair has not been cut for a year, but, being one of New York's best and brightest, he has shaved closely every day. The friend comes to rescue him. It is, however, useless. There are tears from both. The mother and the child are not there, but they come. Heart-interest rises to a great height. All is well. The husband is saved, but instead of taking him and getting his hair trimmed, the wife, the child, and the friend hurry away. Why? It is most unsympathetic. Ah, it is an order to permit the woman to give another exhibition of skating. She is exceedingly rude to her once lavish friend, and then, in a curious spirit of contradiction, she commands him to "kissss meeeeee." "No, no." "Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha." "No, no . . . no." He staggers forward, step by step, suddenly and excusably enough, sees red rushes forward, and clutches the Vampire by the throat. Heart-interest enormous. No exercise and much brandy have reduced him to pulp. He is flung aside. He falls. "Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! My fool, my fool!" The inexhaustible stock of rose-leaves is drawn upon. They are scattered on the huge, recumbent, heaving body. The Vampire bends to kiss, puts her hand on the heart, draws it away in horror, hisses the word "Dead," skates all over the room, turns and flies. "He-he-ho-ho-ho."

"THE MASTER BUILDER" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

"THE MASTER BUILDER" is certainly Ibsen's most characteristic work. It is, perhaps, except for the earlier and wholly indifferent splendour of "Peer Gynt," his greatest work; for the theme of "The Doll's House" is rapidly becoming post-dated and ancient, and "Ghosts" has something too much of the clinical to remain of permanent value. "Hedda Gabler" holds rivalry with "The Master Builder." But it is only rivalry; only a challenge that in itself admits the supreme value of the later plays. Indeed, it is strange to think that so cleanly analytical a play as "Hedda Gabler"

should have preceded so mystical a play as "The Master Builder." It is as though a sharp mental cleavage had occurred in the dramatist's mind between the writing of the two plays—which is indeed a fact. The mood that started with "The Doll's House" came to its climax in "Hedda Gabler," whereas "The Master Builder" introduced a new mood that was to continue to the close of all his work in "When We Dead Awaken." It was a mystical mood. Ibsen seemed to be reaching after things that can most fitly be expressed by the movements of music. It is truer art because its meanings are less precise, its aim being more synthetic, more suggestive and loftier. There is something of hardness in Halvard Solness, the Master Builder himself, and inasmuch as it is displayed in the opening movement of the drama it is that portion of his character that springs most instantly to the mind. But it is the lesser portion of his interest in the play. So with Hilda Wangel. There is something of the eternal Dionysian about her. He is the metaphysical Viking turned sickly and morbid, afraid of the new generation, afraid of a mystical retribution, afraid of himself; whereas she is imperious, living in a wild, strange world of her mind that has but little relation to the world of responsibilities and earthly ties. He is mentally dizzy, and she is mentally ecstatic; while the play moves between them to spiritual suggestions and mystical mood, the under-play of symbolism combining to advance the spiritual motive.

All this breaks through the English translation. The stiffness and hardness of Mr. Archer's prose, its entire lack of music and colour, considerably injure the play. Those who cannot read the Norwegian original can but guess how rich the original medium must be, seeing that it defies such faults of translation; but when the identical faults of the translation are reduplicated in the acting, calamity befalls the play indeed. There is no need to speak of Mr. Norman McKinnell's acting. In a part that demands cold strength of reserve, refined power, and detailed analysis—all the cultured attributes of the drawing-room—there are few that could display clearer ability than he. But there is nothing metaphysical or mystical in him, nor has he anything of the untutored Viking—not to say the Viking turned morally sickly. In the opening scene, therefore, in which Solness repels Ragnar Brovnik, and holds his father, Knut Brovnik, at bay, despite his pitiful and earnest importunity, Mr. McKinnell is at his best. Yet, even here, he fails entirely to suggest the truth of Solness' relations with Kaia Fosli. For it must be remembered that Kaia speaks openly to Solness of her devotion to him, and this could hardly have been had there not passed from him to her something more than mere coldness and brusqueness. Moreover, Mrs. Solness suspects him, not less than her, of more than ordinary business exchanges. Nevertheless, Mr. McKinnell makes Solness quite cold and harsh with her. But it is rather when Mr. McKinnell comes to the fuller development of Solness that he fails to convey a fit portrait. Solness, by the very nature of his original mood and later development, is the very reverse of precise, whereas Mr. McKinnell is precise. Mr. McKinnell, truly enough, passes into his part; but he fails to swell it out. We miss the note of ecstasy that Hilda calls out in him; we miss the mystical sense of doom; we miss, above all, the sense of mental dizziness and limitation; and we fail altogether to understand the strange hypnotic power he casts to make others, women especially, serve his desires and unexpressed bidding.

So, too, with Lillah McCarthy's interpretation of Hilda Wangel. Hilda is a wild thing from the hills with a strange, sudden, extraordinary logic of her own. Her intelligence is preternatural sometimes, but it is never sophisticated. Her laws are the laws of the mountain-rill, full and boundless, and the slightest suggestion of social sophistication will

suffice to make that mountain-rill a matter of stage-mounting. And this is what Lillah McCarthy does. A series of society parts has caused her to lose touch of the primal and ebullient. It is true she acts the part with extraordinary spirit and dash, but the spirit and dash do not always ring of truth; in fact, as she becomes quieter she becomes more convincing. In the first Act, in Solness' office, just where she should be freshest, she jars. In the second Act she is much better; in the third Act she does indeed strike conviction. In Knut Brovnik Mr. Lion had not a large part, but he conveyed it well. A noteworthy feature of his portrayal was the quiet emphasis he laid on the fact that, though he was now an employé of Solness, he was once his master. This was a very right but difficult delineation. Miss Christine Silver as Kaia Fosli and Mr. Harcourt Williams as Ragnar Brovnik were a little unfinished; Mr. Claude King, however, as Dr. Herdal was excellent, being quite masterly in the first Act. But the best acting of all was Katharine Pole as the sickly and querulous Mrs. Solness. Every line in that unhappy character was given, and yet the result was not detailed, but complete and unified.

It is perhaps too late in the day to praise Mr. Granville Barker's production. He has now earned the further right to criticism. His production in this case showed all his virtues and all the vices of his virtues. There was some sameness in his angular pictures, and too much emphasis was given to the pictorial results. He studies to give pictures, whereas drama struggles to convey reality, and though there is yet no active collision between these tendencies, we often feel that it very nearly comes to being so. But this to cavil, and to foresee the result of what are now but tendencies. In the present instance his method is successful, particularly in the last act—the balcony scene. It was in this scene that the acting rose to its highest and simplest, and so the final and concluding effect on the mind was one of thoughtful satisfaction.

"ATALANTA IN CALYDON" AT THE LYCEUM

THE presentation on the modern stage of a poem so steeped in the classical tradition as Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" is no easy task, and the Poetry Society is to be congratulated upon its enterprise. For the second time lovers of poetry have had the delight of seeing the drama of Althea and Ceneus, Meleager and Atalanta unfold itself and rise to its climax of tragedy, while the sternness of its progress is modified by the choruses admirably set to music by Miss Muriel Elliot. On Tuesday afternoon last a large audience enjoyed the fruits of Miss Elsie Fogerty's efforts, and there were very few faults to be found with the manner in which she produced the play.

The two most famous choruses—"When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces" and "Before the beginning of years"—perhaps lend themselves to a musical setting more easily than any other portion of "Atalanta;" they, at any rate, were the most pleasing numbers as far as mere melody was concerned. The solemn and majestic strains of the chorus beginning "Who hath given man speech?" were effective in a different manner. The most charming pictorial impression was that of the dance of rejoicing, where balls were skilfully thrown and caught by members of the chorus. As to the acting—for which there is more scope than is apparent from a mere reading of the poem—high praise is due to Mr. Philip Merivale, who, by permission of Mr. Fred Terry, took the part of Meleager, and to Miss Hazel Thompson, who gave a very beautiful and restrained rendering of "Atalanta." Miss Elsie Fogerty undertook the arduous task of the Queen with a thorough comprehension

of its difficulties, and other members of the company, with especial mention of the herald and messengers, supported the principals excellently. The whole performance, besides being educative and a joy to the eye, was a musical treat of a very high order, and we trust that the Poetry Society will have other opportunities of proving the harmony of literary, histrionic, and musical art.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT*

BY FRANK HARRIS

MY memory almost invariably connects persons by likeness or by contrast—for example, I think of Emerson and Nietzsche together as opposites, while de Maupassant and Kipling resemble each other, though the talent of the one is peculiarly French and the talent of the other peculiarly English. Both are born story-tellers of the first class, though characteristically enough the domain of the Frenchman is love, whereas the domain of the Englishman is war. Both have written masterpieces. "La Maison Tellier" and "L'Inutile Beauté" are even finer than "The Man Who Would be King" or "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." Both men came to immediate popularity, which means that both were on the ordinary level of thought and feeling, and wrote for ordinary men and women. The man in the street in Paris and in London finds himself in de Maupassant and in Kipling; he has the same outlook, the same vague creed, the same hopes and fears, the same simple imperative instinct to achieve his own well-being and that of his country. Both men might have been born three hundred years ago, for neither has had anything to do with the thought-currents peculiar to our time. There is, too, a curious physical resemblance: de Maupassant, like Kipling, was short and broad and strong, and so ordinary-looking that it is difficult to make the reader see him by means of words. He was a Norman by descent, lumpy-shouldered, large-limbed, round-headed; his hair dark brown and thick; his eyes greyish blue; his moustache heavy. He would have passed unnoticed in any European crowd. If you studied his looks you could see no trace of exceptional endowment, save perhaps something searching in the regard, a certain sensitiveness in the well-cut lips and in the refinement of small hands. De Maupassant, like Kipling, was healthy, courteous, well-mannered; both were made social lions; but de Maupassant allowed himself to be swept away by the current, whereas Kipling in this respect seems stronger. Both men got the best out of themselves; but Kipling had the longer wind, though the Frenchman plunged a little deeper into life. De Maupassant, like Kipling, met you fairly, and, while conscious of his achievements, was well aware too of some of his limitations—in sum, two ordinary healthy men, rather under than over middle height, gifted with an extraordinary writer's talent. Both men, like Franz Hals, depicted the life which they saw and lived with marvellous verisimilitude, making of ordinary man unforgettable portraits—portraits that live in the memory like photographs transmuted into pictures by an incomparable *brío* of presentment.

This book of de Maupassant's valet ought to have been a masterpiece, for it deals with the last ten years of de Maupassant's brief life; covers all his best work and the appalling tragedy which brought his life and labour to an untimely and horrible end. The valet François witnessed the tragedy, lived through it, indeed, from the first scene

* *Souvenirs sur Guy de Maupassant* (1883-1893). By François, his Valet de Chambre. (Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris.)

to the last; but he saw it and understood it without realising its universal significance or putting it before us so that we too must realise it and the lesson of it. His book, therefore, is not an unique book—hardly, indeed, a valuable book. There is no proportion in it, no sense at all of the relative importance of events. Hundreds of pages are filled with trivialities: the furnishing of rooms, journeyings in France and in Algiers and Tunis, yachting excursions, dinners, feeble practical jokes and ordinary distractions, which are interrupted by hints of illness, the casual mention of the visits of a "dame à la robe gris perle;" then suddenly the confession by de Maupassant of unstrung, discordant nerves—a "malaise indicible;" a casual description of the slow partial discovery; then another visit of the lady whom François now calls the "Vampire," and a day or two later de Maupassant, worn to a rag, cuts his throat in a frenzy, and ends his life in a mad-house—"Encore un homme au rancart," as he cried himself in characteristic bitter modern phrase; or as one might English it—"Another man for the dust-heap."

Here is tragedy enough to fill a volume with wonder and regret and pity; the poor gifted, passionate, foolish, human being in the toils of dire necessity, a slave of his own passion, which to him is inexorable fate:—

Who shall contend with his lords,
Or cross them or do them wrong?
Who shall bind them as with cords?
Who shall tame them as with song?

For indeed "the hands of their kingdoms are strong." But there is hardly more than a hint of the astounding and awful tragedy in this book, hardly more than a suggestion anywhere of de Maupassant's trial as with fire and utter breakdown. François appears never to have seen much more than the outside of his master, and that, as I have said, was commonplace enough; but de Maupassant's temperament was abnormal and deserved careful and sympathetic study, which it does not receive in this book.

In order to give my readers an adequate comprehension of de Maupassant's passionate endowment, or the strength of his temptation, or the horror of the tragedy, I should have to use plain words, and that is impossible in an English review. The tragedy is there and the lesson flamed out in letters of fire; but Lord Radnor and Mrs. Scharlieb and the Head Masters have decided that the ostrich policy is the becoming and noble policy for English writers, and we poor scribes can only bow to such infallible dictation. "Little Marys" we may write about, and "our obligations to our betters," and "our duties in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call us;" but the great human problems are not for us; truth has no sanctuary for us, but for the free peoples and their teachers, for the Sudermanns and Tolstois and Artzibatcheffs and D'Annunzios, but not for the Grundy-ridden countrymen of Shakespeare and Bacon.

But to return to my text. If François the valet has shown himself unable to depict his brilliant master, if he has not attempted to rise to the height of the great argument and justify the ways of God to men, he has incidentally painted himself as the very model of a wise and kindly valet, as a very honest, humble, reverent, human soul, and has besides reproduced de Maupassant's daily life for us, and given us little sketches of de Maupassant's mother and of some of his friends which are immediately recognisable. This leads me to fear that because I knew de Maupassant well I am inclined to be a little unjust to this book, which does after all perhaps in a degree make up for the want of personal knowledge, and does supply some of those little personal peculiarities which bring the man before us in his habit as he lived. Moreover, there are in this book a few pages of high interest in which de Maupassant reveals

himself, or at least his mind, at its best. I make no apology for transcribing those I regard as eminently worthful and characteristic.

I was introduced to de Maupassant by Blanche M—, an exceedingly fair American with magnificent red hair, who figures in the first pages of this book as "the author of several novels" and "as intelligent as she was beautiful." We dined together, and de Maupassant took away my breath by declaring that he hated writing and only whipped himself to the work by the thought of the money he would make and the pleasant yachting trips which the money would buy for him: Pegasus only valuable as a grocer's nag. To François he confesses that this is not the whole truth, not even the best part of the truth. "There are in France some fifty thousand young men of good birth and fairly well off," he says, "who are encouraged to live a life of complete idleness. They must either cease to exist or must come to see that there can be no happiness, no health even, without regular daily labour of some sort. . . . The need of work is in me," he adds. "As soon as I have finished all the novels and short stories I have in my head I shall write a sort of general analysis of my works, and then I'll review all the great writers whom I think I have understood. That would be an easy piece of work for me and of great interest to younger writers. Besides, it would delight me to re-read again all the masters who have afforded me intellectual enjoyment."

As every one knows, he admired Flaubert more than any modern writer; he used to speak of him as his spiritual father, and insisted that after France had passed through a dozen revolutions and had forgotten all the other writers of the time, Flaubert would be studied as a classic, as one "who had lent French prose Divine grace and harmony."

De Maupassant's praise was often astonishingly generous. Already, in '88, he talked of Bourget as a master, and of Zola as "a great writer . . . a considerable literary value," though he could not help adding, with characteristic frankness, "personally, I don't like the man." He did not like his work either; indeed Zola's method of work was the absolute antithesis to his own, and surely de Maupassant's method was right, and Zola's wrong. Here is the comparison as recorded by François. First of all, de Maupassant admits that "Zola is a relentless workman, willing to undergo any labour. He's now thinking of writing a novel on every different class of labourer. But a man of real talent oughtn't to do that sort of thing. He should only write what he has felt, what he has seen and understood. I'd go even farther and say he should only write of what he loves and of what he hates, of what he has lived, suffered, and enjoyed. I'm not tempted to imitate Zola."

Before leaving this book I must just touch on de Maupassant's religious beliefs, for, after all, it is from what a man believes about this life and the next that we get his true measure. The pages on the death of his brother, and de Maupassant's visit to his tomb, are among the best in the book. De Maupassant did not give himself readily to strangers; but his family affections and his rare friendships were peculiarly passionate and tender. His mother was an ideal to him, and he mourned his brother as one who would not be comforted. "I saw him die," he says. "According to the doctors, he should have died the day before; but he was waiting for me and would not go without seeing me once more and saying 'good-bye' to me again. 'Adieu . . . Au revoir peut-être? . . . Qui sait?'" And then this deeper word still about Jesus. Pointing to the great figure of the Christ outside a cemetery, de Maupassant said: "Surely the finest intelligence and the most perfect nature ever seen on earth when one thinks of all He did! And He was only thirty-three when they crucified Him! . . . Napoleon I., whom I admire, though only

for his genius, said of Him: 'In all that that Man did—God or not—there is something mysterious, incomprehensible. . . .'

Yesterday I went out to "Les Ravenelles," his mother's villa here in Nice, set on a little height behind the Rue de France, where de Maupassant spent that 1st of January, 1892, his last day on earth as a man among men. In spite of his indescribable wretchedness and misery, that "malaise indicible," he would not alarm his mother by his absence on such a day; but dragged himself over from Cannes, and gave her whom he loved so tenderly the illusion at least that he was getting better. The effort cost him more than life. He returned to Cannes by train, and at two the next morning François heard him ringing and hurried to his bedside, only to find his master streaming in blood and mad. *Au rancart ! au rancart !*

To-day I went through the little, low, two-storied villa, and sat where he had sat, and walked where he had walked. Here, on this raised, half-moon terrace; on that bright, clear day, with the sunshine sparkling over there on the blue sea he had always taken such pleasure in; here he stood, another Anthony, and fought a more terrible fight than the Roman had ever imagined. I had seen him a month before, and had a long, intimate talk with him which cannot be set down in these columns; but it enables me to picture him as he was that fatal morning. He had taken François with him to cook his food; he meant to give himself every chance of winning in the fight, and now, the meal over, the strain of talking and pretending grew intolerable, and he came out here by himself, with only the blue, unheeding sky above and the purple, dancing sea in front to mock his agony.

How desperately he struggled for control; now answering some casual remark of his friends, now breaking out into cold sweat of dread as he felt the rudder slipping from his hand; called back to sanity again by some laughing remark, or other blessed sound of ordinary life, and then, again, swept off his feet by the icy flood of sliding memory and dreadful thronging imaginings, with the awful knowledge behind knocking at his consciousness that he was already mad, mad—never to be sane again, mad—that the awful effort to hold on to the slippery rock and not to slide down again into the depths was all in vain, that he was slipping, slipping in spite of himself, in spite of bleeding fingers, falling—falling. . . .

Hell has no such horror! There in that torture chamber—did it last but a minute—he paid all debts, poor hounded, hunted creature with wild beseeching eyes, choking in the grip of the foulest spectre that besets humanity. . . . And all for what? For another long hour with the "bourgeoise de plus grand chic . . . d'une beauté remarquable," all for another kiss from the lady of remarkable beauty, "to whom he was always glad to say 'good-bye.'"

The worship of the great goddess Aselgeia is sweet indeed, honey to the lips; but the price she exacts from her devotees is appalling. How many of them I have known, and how brilliant they were: her victims are taken from the most gifted of the sons of men.

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

V.—THE HOPE OF THE ARTISTS

IN this age of terminological exactitudes it is a luxury to own that one has made a mistake. In writing a few weeks ago of the King of the Belgians I ventured to say that he was amiable, popular, and on the whole not very important.

Writing to-day, I would say that the King is the most important man in Belgium; for in a country where native art has hitherto been uniformly ignored he has already proved himself, in the best sense of the word, a patron of art and artists. How far this may be due to the influence of the Queen—herself passionately interested in art—I do not know; but in any case it must not be forgotten that it takes a wise man to be influenced by a wise woman. Belgium to-day is a nation of extremely efficient shopkeepers; but the King has said publicly that to be great it is not enough for a nation to keep shop with success—it must also have some concern for literature and art in general; and by his own friendly attitude towards artists he has already succeeded in creating something like a revolution in the *bourgeois* mind. He has held a reception of Belgian artists, he has had a Belgian poet to lunch, and, in fine, he has gone far to convince the Belgians that it may not be necessary to go to Paris for their art.

The extent to which this lesson was needed may hardly be realised in England, where the majority that ignores English artists ignores the artists of other countries with equal fervour. But an amusing instance of the dependence of Brussels on Paris opinion comes to hand. Some time ago a new play by two Belgian authors, "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans," was produced in Brussels, and ran for only thirty performances. It was then produced in Paris, where it was a great success and ran for three hundred nights. Paris having approved of it, it has now been revived in Brussels, and will run for ever. The play has no particular artistic merit, but the incident is worthy of the country that waited for a Frenchman to discover Maeterlinck. Similarly I was told of a picture that was hardly noticed by the critics when it was first exhibited in Brussels, but which won columns in the Belgian Press after it had been awarded a gold medal in France and purchased by a number of amateurs for the Art Collection at Dundee. The Belgian critics are still afraid to praise their countrymen until Paris has given them a lead, and naturally Paris is not eager to send many laurels over the frontier.

But now it seems likely that the interest displayed by the King and Queen in the work of Belgian artists will check this unpatriotic parasitism on the part of Belgian critics. And it must be noted that this Royal encouragement is not directed solely or even mainly to those painters and writers whose discrete revolutions and reactionary audacities already delight and flatter the *bourgeois* mind. For here, as in London, the artist with some technical accomplishment and a tradesman's soul can always achieve success; it is a mistake to think that it is only England that produces Royal Academicians. I went to a one-man show here the other day, where I saw fifty pictures, any one of which would have been hung by our Royal Academy; and I was told that the artist had sold the greater part of them. Portraits of women holding pocket-handkerchiefs and letters, portraits of pretty children, nudes that were not naked, all painted cleverly enough, but without a note of individuality or vision from one end of the exhibition to the other. It is artists of this type on whom most nations hasten to lavish official encouragement, though it is manifest that it is they who want it least. For the vulgar mind is always intelligent enough to recognise and delight in the vulgar in art, without any official recommendation to assist it in forming a judgment.

It seems to me that the King and Queen of the Belgians are not only spiritually but also politically wise in seeking to foster the art of their country. The late King Leopold treated artists with the scant consideration that he displayed to every one who did not minister to his laborious pleasures; towards the end of his reign he had the whole of his collec-

tion of pictures by contemporary artists put up for sale by public auction in Brussels. It is difficult to exaggerate the damage such an action may do to a monarchy. In estimating the power of the artist the Philistine imprisoned in his little moment forgets that the censure of great artists is as permanent as the flattery of politicians is evanescent, and this power makes itself felt through a hundred subtle channels. To-day, under the increasing influence of that spirit of democracy which for my part I distrust and detest, the kings of the world, as it were, stand ever on their trial. They are judged, absurdly enough, on their possession of the ordinary social qualities, as if it were any part of a ruler's mission to imitate the conduct of his subjects. Though they were probably hardly a contributing factor, the comparatively harmless peccadilloes of the King of Portugal were cited as eloquent arguments for the revolution. Yet there is always a risk that after he has achieved all the *bourgeois* virtues, his subjects may refuse to serve a King who differs in no wise from themselves, though his overcoat is trimmed with ermine and his bowler hat is made of gold. A democratic ruler is a paradox that can never appeal to the unsophisticated mind of the majority. But by extending his kingdom to the realms of art a King can secure his needed superiority over the common man, and be sure that his position will be strengthened and not weakened with the passage of years. This is what King Albert is doing with the aid of his clever and amiable Queen, and already it is easy to see that his policy is sound.

Perhaps this is hardly a holiday article, but I have been very much impressed by the hopeful spirit of the Belgian artists under the new *régime*. Everywhere I am told that Belgium is going to do big things in art, now that she has an opportunity to win free from the tyranny of the French critics. This is so different from the permanent gloom that envelops all those who cling to the ideal of high artistic endeavour in England that my spirit is infinitely refreshed. It seems that a select public of about two thousand settles the fate of works of art in Brussels, and that hitherto this body of amateurs has been united in their neglect of native art. Now all this is going to be altered, and poets and painters, musicians and architects go singing to their work.

To-day is a perfect blue day of Spring, and as I finish this article in a *café* on the boulevards the sap is rising in the trees, and every pretty girl who passes has a smiling face. I like writing in *cafés* because there is good literary precedent for it, and also because to my ear there is no music in the world so soothing as the murmur of human voices. Probably most of the people who sit round me as I write are saying things of no importance, but the united effect of their voices is tuneful, and curiously like the sound of a small brook running over pebbles. In the aggregate men and women are pleasantly childlike. Every time a brass band passes (which occurs about every five minutes in Brussels) everybody stands up to see it go by. They look regretfully at their half-finished Bocks, as if they wanted to go out and run in front with the other children.

A gentleman who is sitting at my table, and who had been watching my pen with an almost embarrassing interest, raised his glass a minute ago with a genial "Hurrah for England!" for the English are very popular in Brussels since the fire at the Exhibition. I was not to be outdone in politeness. "Hurrah for Albert, King of the Belgians," I cried, "and King of the Belgian artists!" The gentleman, who is clearly *bourgeois*, is still looking at me with approval, so it is apparent that the revolution has begun, for surely it is but a step from being pleased with such a toast to spending your money on pictures and books of verse.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE AUTHORISED VERSION

"It lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells. Its felicities seem often to be things rather than words. It is part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness."

The year 1911 is the third centenary of an event which was destined to have the most important effect on the history and development of the English language—the publication of the Authorised Version of the Bible. In 1604, the second year of his reign, James I. met the representatives of the opposing religious parties with a view to discussing measures of mutual conciliation which should promote the unification of religion throughout the realm. Among the most sensible proposals put forward was that a new translation of the Scriptures be undertaken which should be agreeable to all parties and denominations alike. This proposal, of Puritan origin, was heartily welcomed by the King, who was himself a scholar and theologian of repute, for, said he, "I have never yet seen a satisfactory translation of the Bible." Not only did he endorse the suggestion, but himself laid down the principles that were to guide the translators in their work. The most important of these were that no marginal comments of a theological or controversial character were to be appended, but only such as were necessary for purposes of reference or for the removal of obscurities; and that the text of the earlier translations was to be followed wherever scholarship and accuracy allowed. It is not, therefore, by an idle compliment that James is addressed in the Preface as "the prime author and mover of the work."

Three years elapsed before the work was actually begun. No fewer than forty-seven prelates and laymen were employed on the great task. These were divided into groups, each of which was responsible for one section of the work; but all were conjointly responsible for the final decision in disputed matters. Three more years passed before the translation was actually completed, and in 1611 the first edition was issued under the sanction of the Royal authority. For three hundred years this version has held its place without a rival in all English-speaking countries, and among all denominations of English Christianity. Many other translations have since been published, but none of these have reached a second edition, with the single exception of the Revised Version and the English Roman Catholic Bible, which has been more and more assimilated to the Authorised Version with each successive edition.

No book, since books were first invented, has been multiplied into so many copies, or penetrated to so many and distant quarters of the globe, and few books have retained their hold on the popular mind undiminished through so many centuries. From these causes, the wide extent of its influence and the permanence of its authority, results the importance of its bearing on the English language. Whatever forces of disruption and decay are at work upon the language as a whole, the constant infusion of alien elements through contact with foreign nations, the constant ousting of earlier idiom by popular slang, no portion of the older English tongue incorporated in the text of the English scriptures can ever fall wholly into desuetude. However much the various sections of the English-speaking race may diverge from one another in speech and idiom, in accordance with the law of change, from which no living language is exempt, there must yet always remain a nucleus of simple and elementary speech common and intelligible to all. What the poems of Homer were to the Greek language, the Authorised Version is to the English tongue—a standard of original usage accessible to all classes, a monument of pure English more enduring than stone, a common starting-point of elementary instruction, removed for all time from the

influences of change that affect the spoken vocabulary of all languages, an indissoluble link between distant ages and distant lands.

The influence of the Authorised Version upon English literature—that is, upon the language as a vehicle of sublime and beautiful thoughts, is even more striking than its influence upon the language in the more general sense. Many great writers have openly acknowledged their indebtedness to the Bible for whatever beauty of style and diction they have achieved. Many more have incurred this debt without acknowledging it. Most notable among these stands Swinburne, much of whose verse is so biblical in diction and idiom as to sound like quotation. In fact, it is scarcely an over-statement to say that the language of English poetry is the language of the English Bible. To what cause must we ascribe the spell cast by the Bible over the minds of poets and prose-writers alike, even over men who have been least in sympathy with the spirit of its teaching? How can we explain the singular poetic beauty of a translation made at a time when the art of translation had not yet been studied, and by men who, though great scholars, could scarcely be expected to prove themselves either poets or stylists? It is to be noted that the beauty we refer to is a thing apart from the beauty of the thought conveyed; it appertains to the quality of the English by which the thought is expressed. It is noticeably lacking from the original Greek of the New Testament, which is hybrid and essentially illiterate, void of all those qualities that made classical Greek the finest literary medium the world has yet invented. It is also absent from the French version, and a quotation from that translation jars like a discord upon English ears.

Moreover, the translators of the Authorised Version seem in many respects to have fallen far short of the standards of excellence by which we judge translators of the present day. Many of the things in this Version would appear extremely crude if they appeared in any modern rendering of an ancient language. Thus the Greek word which means "gathering" or "assembly" is rendered by the clumsy and cacophonous word "synagogue." The Greek word for "tent" is represented by the ponderous Latin derivative "tabernacle"—a word which does not, and probably never has, conveyed to the English mind the original meaning of "a temporary canvas erection" such as itinerant Eastern merchants are in the habit of using to protect themselves and their wares from the blazing sun; such, in effect, as it was St. Paul's trade to manufacture. Again, it is certain that the passage "Woe unto you scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites" would be rendered in any modern translation "Woe unto you scribes, Pharisees, play-actors!" for that is the literal meaning of the Greek, and it is considered weak and ineffective to render any word of an ancient tongue by its modern etymological derivative.

These and many other instances might be adduced to show that the Authorised Version cannot, according to modern standards, be considered a masterpiece of translation. From what source, then, does it derive its unique literary qualities? The root of the matter must be sought in the early history of the Bible in England. The language of the Authorised Version is not, as is often supposed, the contemporary language of Jacobean times. It is a traditional Biblical language, which originated with the first English version of Wyclif, and was transmitted through all subsequent translations down to the Bishops' Bible, the immediate predecessor of the Authorised Version. In this respect, again, it may be compared with the Homeric poems, which are now believed to have been composed in a speech never in actual use, and already archaic at the time of their composition. And just as the language of Homer was consecrated in the minds of its hearers to the narration of superhuman deeds and heroic emotions, so the language of

the Bible is for us a language specially appropriated to the utterance of noble thoughts and exalted ideals. The beauty of the Bible, therefore, though distinct from the beauty of its meaning, is indirectly a result of that quality, for beauty of language is almost entirely a matter of association of ideas, and it is in this way that the Bible language has, through the centuries, acquired those qualities which we are seeking to explain. As the wood of a violin grows with time attuned to the sounds constantly passing through it, so the diction of the Bible has come to harmonise perfectly with sublime and noble thoughts, which is the essence of true poetry.

The existence of this traditional Bible-language serves also to explain those seeming errors of judgment, already mentioned, which have led the translators of the Authorised Version to introduce ponderous Latin and Greek derivatives, where a shorter and more obvious word would appear to be more in keeping with the characteristic simplicity of the version as a whole. The introduction of such words is in every case due to the translators' deference to the authority of tradition. They were attempting to steer a middle course between two extreme opinions—that of the Puritans, who held that every word of the original should be rendered by its simplest equivalent in English, and that of the Papists, who desired to retain many purely ecclesiastical words, quite unintelligible to vulgar ears:—

We have, on the one side, avoided the scrupulosity of the Puritans, who leave the old ecclesiastical words and betake them to other, as where they put "washing" for "baptism," and "congregation" for "church," as also, on the other hand, we have shunned the obscurity of the Papists in their "azymes," "tunike," "pasche," and such like, whereof their late translation is full, and that of purpose to darken the sense, that since they needs must translate the Bible, yet by the language thereof it may be kept from being understood.

So wrote the translators in their preface, showing that we should be grateful there are not more such words rather than captious because there are a few. These considerations serve also to explain the absence of any peculiar charm from the French version of the Bible. The standard translation in France is, of course, not the French version, but the Vulgate, or old Latin version. The translation into the native tongue is in comparatively modern French, and has therefore no more dignity and charm than is to be found in the everyday speech of the people.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

"La Guerre du Feu, Roman des Ages Farouches" (Fasquelle, Paris, 3f. 50c.), must be added to the list of novels given us by J. H. Rosny *ainé*, since he has ceased to collaborate with his brother. He is one of the most vigorous writers of French prose, and he has not feared to attack the most various subjects. In "La Vague Rouge" he treated of modern revolutionary morals; in "Marthe Barraquin" he described popular life; but never, in our opinion, has he shown so much strength and character as in "La Guerre du Feu," which is a very forcible description of prehistoric times. M. Rosny is of Belgian descent, and the Belgians were originally composed of savage tribes skilled in hurling the javelin and throwing with the sling. May one then suppose, without appearing too presumptuous, that it is some strange, marvellous atavism—transmitted through centuries unknown—which enables the author of "La Guerre du Feu" to evoke, with such

semblance of reality, those ages now buried under the dust of countless years?

The members of the Oulhamr tribe are in great distress. The Fire, their chief means of safeguard, has flickered out, leaving them unprotected before the assaults of their natural enemies. Two young warriors, Naoh and Aghoo, venture to go in search of Fire and restore it to the tribe. The victor will receive Gammmla, the chief's beautiful daughter, as a reward. The two rivals start on their perilous quest, and, thanks to M. Rosny's wonderful descriptive gift, we witness the thrilling adventures which befall Naoh and his followers, Gaw and Nam. We behold them struggling against the terrible fauna of prehistoric ages, vanquishing the aurochs, the grey bears, and the monstrous lions; we see them ravishing the Fire from the Kzammms by means of their strength and wiliness. Naoh returns triumphant to the tribe after having slain Aghoo, thus winning the lovely Gammmla, and becoming also chief of the Oulhamr.

It is a real relief to read a novel from which sickly sentimentalism is excluded, and which deals of another subject than the one condemned in the Seventh Commandment. "La Guerre du Feu" has many qualities, but the one which is perhaps most salient is its healthiness. It is strong, exciting, without being in any way related to "adventure books"; it might even, in a certain respect, be considered as having an historical interest. The impression of which one is conscious after reading it is one of great and sincere admiration for the extraordinary endurance, perseverance, and cunning which primitive man must have displayed so as to survive among all the fearsome creatures which surrounded him, and also in order to conquer all other beings in creation. And one understands very clearly, by means of M. Rosny's most interesting work, that so-called civilisation has made but little change in the fundamental instincts of human nature.

M. J. H. Retinger has compiled an "Histoire de la Littérature Française du Romantisme à Nos Jours" (Bernard Grasset, Paris, 3f. 50c.), which is relatively complete for the space at his disposal. It treats of the evolution of French literature since the romantic school, showing the various influences to which it has been subjected. It is much to be regretted that several typographical errors should have escaped the author's notice, and also that in certain instances the punctuation should be so neglected; indeed this occasionally confuses the sense. And M. Retinger would greatly have added to the value of his work had he thought good to add an index. It is hardly possible to give a complete analysis of "L'Histoire de la Littérature Française du Romantisme à Nos Jours," as to do so would necessitate an extremely long article. We will confine ourselves to the facts which will especially interest those who appreciate modern French literature. Passing by the chapters dealing of such well-known subjects as Romanticism, the Parnassians, the theory of "l'art pour l'art," the first decadents, and the individualistic school, we will analyse briefly M. Retinger's work from where he treats of the writers belonging to the latter quarter of the nineteenth century, many of whom are unknown even in France, except by those who follow very closely the course of modern literature.

Among the *lettres* belonging to no particular school we note Elémir Bourges, for whom M. Retinger professes a deep and sincere admiration. Speaking of this writer, he says:—"Il ambitionne de faire tenir le monde entier dans son livre, de le personnifier dans son personnage principal, dont il fait un demi-dieu, ou un demi-démon." Elémir Bourges's book, entitled "La Nef," containing, so M. Retinger affirms, "all human philosophy, ranging from Anaxoras to Kant, from Buddha to Nietzsche," is written in a very fine style, and forms one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of

French literature. His other works bear the quaint titles of "Les Oiseaux s'envolent, les Feuilles tombent," "Tête d'Or," &c., and, to conclude his criticism, M. Retinger declares:—"C'est un grand écrivain, c'est un pur artiste, c'est un profond penseur qu'Elémir Bourges!"

We note with interest that the works of the majority of the novelists, poets, or philosophers with whom M. Retinger deals in the latter part of his book are issued by the proprietors of the *Mercure de France*, one of the most renowned French publishing houses, so well known for its advanced ideas and its tolerance for the most diverse opinions. Many of the writers spoken of in the last hundred pages of "L'Histoire de la Littérature Française" belong to the staff of that remarkable fortnightly periodical. The *Mercure de France* contains the very interesting feature of a "Revue de la Quinzaine," dealing with the literary, artistic, and scientific movements in all countries; indeed, special attention is given to English literature, all the newest and best books being reviewed by M. H. D. Davray, whose criticisms equal his wonderful translations of the works of Wells, Wilde, &c. M. Rémy de Gourmont, who contributes twice a month to the *Mercure de France*, and who is also the director of *La Revue des Idées*, "treating specially of general criticism," is justly considered one of the most erudite men of our time. M. Retinger says of him very truly: "Il a écrit de ces pages brèves qui suffisent à résumer et à synthétiser un écrivain. Après les avoir lues, on a l'impression de quelque chose de définitif." And his series entitled "Promenades Littéraires" rank him amongst the most eminent of living critics. Marcel Schwob was, with M. Rémy de Gourmont, the second real prosator of symbolism. His first book, "Les Mimes," is composed of delightful and delicate sketches of antique life. In his masterpiece, "Le Livre de Monelle," Schwob gives "a gospel of falsehood" as preached by a little child. His maxim is the opposite of that of Socrates. "Do not know thyself!" he cries, whilst his other doctrines are: "Accept life as a perpetual change," "Do not regret the past," "Build on the sand."

Among the poets M. Retinger mentions Albert Samain ("Le Jardin de l'Infante," "Le Chariot d'Or") who was subjected to the double influence of the Parnassians and the decadent school; Charles Guérin ("Le Semeur de Cendres," "Le Cœur Solitaire"), whose aim is to put the "greatest amount of humanity possible" into his works; Paul Fort ("Ballades Françaises"), who seeks his inspiration at the heart of Nature; the refined and exquisite poet, Francis Jammes, who expresses the most delicate sentiments with an archaic simplicity which is charming, and whose desire finds utterance in these two verses of his, quoted by M. Retinger:—

Laissez-moi, ô mon Dieu, continuer la vie
D'une façon aussi simple qu'il m'est possible.

The very titles of his works are delightful—"De l'Angélus de l'Aube à l'Angélus du Soir," "Le Deuil des Primevères," "Clairières dans le Ciel," "L'Eglise habillée de Feuilles."

M. Retinger admires Paul Claudel, a prose writer, who, like Elémir Bourges, is certainly only known by the *élite*, and who is held in high esteem by such masters as Francis Jammes, André Gide, and Charles Louis Philippe, who even went so far as to say: "Il est grand comme Dante!" M. Retinger believes Claudel to have studied fervently all ancient culture, and, speaking of the author of "Le Partage de Midi," "La Connaissance de l'Est," etc, he says:—

Il est le seul de tous les écrivains modernes qui du symbole soit arrivé à la compréhension de son sens. . . . Sa pensée est toujours le reflet de lui-même, mais à force d'aspirer le plus possible vers l'humain, il la rend généralisatrice."

M. Retinger closes his volume by a most interesting study of

Romain Rolland, whose books he esteems "pure works of art," in that they embrace two elements - "art and life." Romain Rolland, besides being a very erudite scholar and a great musical critic, is moreover a penetrating psychologist. His leading work is the well-known "Jean-Christophe," to be completed in ten volumes, eight of which have already appeared. Art being for him the "emperor of life," he wishes to make his hero, Jean-Christophe, a "sort of genius struggling against mankind." Jean-Christophe himself is a colossal figure, ardent, convinced, intransigent, a real and true artist; he has consequently to battle against humanity, which strives to domesticate him and make him "more like everybody else," wishing, perhaps, by an unconscious envy, to push him back into the ordinary human fold. And in M. Retinger's opinion Romain Rolland, master writer and observer, musician at heart, is perhaps the "first French writer who has tried to reserve in his works an equal part to observation and psychology, and who has wished to express in them a humanistic signification, without falling into the 'roman à thèse.'"

We must be grateful to M. Retinger for having given us this interesting recapitulation of French literature since romanticism; it should certainly prove of great value to those who wish to follow the tendencies and ideas which have greatly contributed to form the existing school of French writers. But the question how many of the works generously styled by M. Retinger "chefs-d'œuvre" in the course of his study will really be considered as such in a few generations to come is one of those mysteries which time alone will solve.

MARC LOGÉ.

A JESUIT BATHING-POOL

By W. H. KOEBEL

THE centre of a wide clearing in the forest-land is dotted by a semi-circular line of palms. The regularity with which the tall, slender shafts rise up to hold aloft their feathery tops against the sky is sufficiently marked to attract the eye from a distance, for the even distribution of the perfect semi-circle of palms is obviously the work of man rather than of Nature. Approaching more nearly, the reason of the plantation becomes evident. The graceful trees fringe the edge of a depression in the ground, the sides of which are flanked by massive stone walls and steps—the architectural remnants of a bathing-pool of the long-departed Jesuit era.

Curiously enough, the stone facings—though marred by crumbly things here and there—have remained comparatively intact, though the full spread of the waters they once held has shrunk to a little, shallow lake that only covers in part the broken stone of the bottom. And even this, choked with reed and swamp flower, is the home of the loud-mouthed frogs alone now. For many generations it has been as innocent of the feet of human bathers as the stone sides upon which the lizards bask in an enjoyable peace that is broken only by the occasional lightning dart in the direction of an unwary fly.

For all its present solitude and stillness, the place was undoubtedly an important centre of aquatic ceremony and splashings some couple of centuries ago. The lengthy flight of shallow steps that closes in the semi-circle of the bath must have been thronged often enough then by the robed figures of the Jesuit Fathers and the dusky forms of the neophytes in their white frocks. One can picture the scene—the advent of the Indians as they marched to the spot to the sounds of music, and the chanting of hymns that were as inevitable in an everyday procession as the human constituents of the affair, and the kneeling of the company before

the shrines that now lie in fragments of broken masonry prone on a brilliant scarlet carpet of verbena, with the great white trumpet-shaped blossoms of the datura hanging in clusters above. Then would ensue the burst of exuberance that accompanied the actual festival of the bathing, the shoutings and whoopings and splashings that the Fathers superintended from the shore, keeping a wary eye all the while upon the simple, dark-skinned converts, lest the fervour of the rejoicings should exceed the decorum that had become part and parcel of the neophyte life. No doubt there were times when the Fathers went fussing to and fro on shore as impotently as foster-mother hens with duckling broods in the water. Indeed, the nature of these northern Indians considered, it could scarcely have been otherwise, although no confession of the sort appears in the chronicles of the period.

No doubt, too, in the neighbourhood of the bathing-pool here there were official functions and gatherings of state, beside the gorgeousness of which the glamour of the ordinary processions paled. Companies of the Jesuit army would be present then; the Indian militia, whose officers were resplendent in uniforms thickly laced with silver and gold; and dusky civil officials, as proud of their distinctive coats as were the military of their trappings. Were the ceremony for the reception of some high clerical personage on his round of inspection of the Mission-towns, the clash of martial music would have swept over the waters, and the standards would have floated in brilliant folds against the verdure of the palms and evergreen trees. For colours flew, drums beat, and fifes and clarions sounded then, until the war companies of the neophytes came forward at the given signal to prostrate themselves, and to kiss the hand of the august visitor.

The spot has witnessed all this, without question, many times over, since even the greater festivals were amazingly frequent in the great Jesuit Republic of Misiones. So it is that the clearing in the forest seems to brood, notwithstanding its flowers, sunshine, and deep blue sky. Whatever may have been the intrinsic value of the clashing of music and of the tramp of processional feet, the utter stillness that now pervades the place is a little melancholy, even by force of a contrast that can only be imagined—utter stillness, that is to say, so far as the sounds of human life are concerned. Into the place upon which man has turned his back the lesser species have crowded in numbers. The birds are everywhere. Kingfishers dart from tree to tree; the shivering brilliancy of the tiny humming-birds materialises over and over again as though evolved from thin air to float for a while before the gaudy blossoms of the plants ere disappearing temporarily in a flight too rapid for the human eye to follow. Soaring in the air high above, carving bold circles in the azure of the sky, are great black vultures, and majestic black and white birds of prey that trail behind them the long feathers of a divided tail. As they dip downwards from time to time the multitudinous cooing of the doves in the trees below dies away to a silence of terror. In the face of a threat from above such as this it would seem that of all the more invisible winged creatures the butterflies alone continue to hover with a complacent mind about the clusters of great blooms that strew the earth and the branches.

Such are the dwellers that have ousted the thronging companies of the Mission Indians who went with chantings and song to the labours in the fields, and who, to the sound of music, returned of an evening to the stately towns, now deeply shrouded in the tropical curtain of the forests. This until there came scattering and destruction, and the end of the great Jesuit Republic, cursed by some, blessed by others, that stood as a monumental testimony to human endeavour, and fell as a testimony to precisely the same thing. Even of the fields there are now no traces left, although the dark foliage of the orange-trees sprouts up here and there from

out of the midst of the scrub and tall grasses that cover the soil.

The fate of the orange here is typical of the spot. Unseen and uncared for, the golden balls in their thousands ripen, and fall, and rot. For who is coming to the old Jesuit bathing-place to gather oranges, or for any other purpose besides? From time to time a dusky *peon* may ride by. He may even force his horse down the flight of stone steps and water the animal in the remnants of the pool. But not for a moment will it enter his mind that the bathing-place entered into the history of his ancestors. To him the aspect of the spot is perfectly clear. It is a pool set about with crumbling masonry, in the midst of palms, orange-trees, and bananas. As, of course, it really is.

THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. *MONARCH*

A RECORD

THURSDAY last saw a notable addition to the British Navy in the launch at Elswick of H.M.S. *Monarch*. The Tyne is not a beautiful river. The day was not a fine one, but the day, the smoke, and the surroundings seemed most fitting for the work to be done—grim power and work, and not play, seemed the keynote of it all.

After the launch, Sir Andrew Noble, chairman of the company, in proposing "Success to his Majesty's battleship *Monarch*," gave some interesting reminiscences of former *Monarchs*, and some instructive particulars of the vessel just launched. He said:—

The *Monarch* is one of the "Dreadnought" class of vessels included in the Admiralty programme of 1909 and 1910, and, like the other vessels included in that programme, she was designed by Sir Philip Watts, Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty. She is 581 feet in length over all, 88½ feet in breadth, and her displacement exceeds 22,000 tons. Her armament will comprise the most modern and powerful weapons installed in vessels of the class. She is the forty-third warship we have had the honour to build for the British Government out of a total of 135 warships built by the firm. This number comprises vessels of every class, from the destroyer to the largest and most powerful battleship. The total displacement of the forty-three vessels amount to 200,000 tons, and the total displacement of the whole number of warships built by the firm is 500,000 tons. The keel of the *Monarch* was laid on the 1st April last year. Notwithstanding the strike, which lasted from the beginning of September until the middle of December, exceptional progress has been made with her construction; indeed, it may safely be asserted that no vessel of her class has ever been launched in this, or any other country, in a similar state of progress. The vessel has taken the water with the whole of her boilers and a large portion of her auxiliary machinery on board, and, as you will have observed, with the funnels, funnel uptakes and castings erected in position, and her superstructure well advanced. The armour bulkheads and bar-bette armour are also in place, and the launching-weight of the vessel is about 11,500 tons, including about 2,000 tons of armour. For this remarkable progress we have to thank the machinery contractors, Messrs. Hawthorn, Leslie & Co. Ltd., whose co-operation has enabled us to establish what may fairly be termed a record in the building and launching of Dreadnoughts.

Naval history informs us that the name *Monarch* in our Navy dates its origin from the middle of the eighteenth century. In the year 1747 there had been much fighting between the French and British naval forces, and successes were gained in the early part of that year by Vice-Admiral Anson and Captain Thomas Fox. France had collected a huge convoy for the West Indies, and a squadron of eight men-of-war had sailed from Brest to pick it up and escort it to its destination. Consequently a British Squadron of fourteen ships, under Rear-Admiral Edward Hawk-

left Plymouth to intercept the French ships, and in October the French were sighted off Finisterre. After some manœuvring a running fight resulted; the French are reported to have behaved with great spirit, and to have been overpowered only by weight of numbers. Of their eight ships of the line six were captured, one of these being the *Monarque*, a 74-gun ship, which was afterwards brought into the Royal Navy, and was, I believe, the first vessel bearing the name in our Navy. The French convoy, consisting of about 250 ships, was saved by the devotion of the French commodore and captains under his orders.

Ten years later French vessels were sighted off Cape de Gata, and one of these was driven ashore by the *Monarch*, under the command of Captain John Montague. In 1778 the *Monarch* was one of the vessels which composed the British Fleet, under the command of Admiral Keppel, in the victory off Ushant. Again the *Monarch* of 74 guns figured in Sir Samuel Hood's squadron of seventeen vessels in an action with the French under De Grasse at Martinique in the spring of 1781, and later in the same year she occupied a place in the fleet commanded by Rear-Admiral Thomas Graves in an engagement with the French off the Chesapeake. The *Monarch* also took part in an engagement at St. Kitts Island and off Guadeloupe in 1782, and we also find a *Monarch* mentioned in reports of the Channel Fleet in 1793. In 1795 it is recorded that the hostility of Holland led to the despatch from England of an expedition against the Dutch Colony at the Cape of Good Hope. This expedition comprised seven vessels of the line under the command of Admiral Elphinstone, whose flagship was the *Monarch*, 74 guns. She was also present in February, 1796, off Saldanha Bay, when the Dutch capitulated before a superior British force under the command of the same admiral. Another engagement with the Dutch took place in October, 1797, in which the *Monarch* was badly mauled and thirty-six of her officers and crew were killed and one hundred wounded.

In March, 1801, a large British fleet sailed for the Baltic, the van being commanded by Lord Nelson. The leading ship was the *Monarch*, and in action with the defences of Copenhagen in April of the year named the *Monarch* lost her captain, who was killed during the engagement, together with fifty-six officers and men, and 164 were wounded. The *Monarch* was in the hottest of the fight, as evidenced by the number of casualties.

Sir Andrew mentioned other actions in which the *Monarch* took part, and after alluding to a later *Monarch* of 84 guns, said:—

In 1868 a new *Monarch* was launched. This vessel was fully rigged, had two turrets, was of 8,320 tons displacement, 7,840 horse-power, and nearly 15 knots speed. Her armour protection varied in thickness from four to ten inches; she carried four 25-ton 12-inch guns, two 12-ton 9-inch guns, one 5½-ton 7-inch gun, and seventeen smaller guns—all muzzle-loaders. Thus, if you compare the new *Monarch* with her immediate predecessor, you will find that the present vessel has a displacement nearly three times that of the former, and a speed of 50 per cent. greater, whilst the old muzzle-loading guns have given place to the most powerful breach-loaders the science of artillery has yet produced.

Many exploits of this '68 *Monarch* were referred to by Sir Andrew, and it will be seen that the name borne by the vessel recently launched has had an active and almost continuous association with the operations of our Navy through more than a century and a half.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

A VERY large audience listened with interest on Wednesday evening, March 29th, to Mr. George B. Heming's lecture on "Art Education in the Jewellery, Goldsmithing, and Allied Trades." The lecturer introduced his subject by emphasising the decline of the craftsman which began with the advent of the machine, referring especially to the working of the precious metals, and went on to describe what was being

done in other countries for the encouragement of artistic workmanship. "For the last few years," said Mr. Heming, "we have placidly watched the advance of our French and German competitors in commercial matters. It behoves us to awake from our lethargy of self-complacency, and to move with the times. If the jewellery trade and those dealing with the precious metals are to be maintained against the inroads of foreign competition and saved from obliteration, we must not lose a moment in our endeavour to educate the young apprentice and improver in art, encouraging him by every means in our power."

The Schools of Art of Geneva and their enterprise were alluded to, and the methods of the Society of Goldsmiths of Paris; then the lecturer went into interesting details as to the work now being done in London, with which he is intimately connected. Classes have been formed for the study of drawing and designing under the direction of the "Goldsmiths, Silversmiths, and Jewellers Art Council," which came into existence in the year 1908, and are turning out highly competent workmen who, distributed throughout the trade, will gradually raise the artistic level of the objects they create. In concluding his instructive address, Mr. Heming made some pertinent observations concerning the care which should be employed in selecting teachers: "The teacher should not make too much of his own individual ideas—he must remember that his duty is not to force the pupil into his own already formed mould, but to find out possibilities and to encourage any efforts after originality, however tentative they may at first glance seem." The beginning thus made might seem small, but great progress was already on record, and Mr. Heming invited discussion on the subject.

Sir George Birdwood, who presided, remarked that he had heartily shared the pleasure of the audience, and commented upon Mr. Heming's work as an educational reformer. Touching upon the tendency of art, he observed that all art reached its highest expression in religious feeling, and that if the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty were not one, they were at least inseparable.

A lively discussion followed, in which Dr. Garnett, Mr. Henry Wilson, Mr. Lowen, and several members of the gold and silver-smithing industries took part, some differing from the lecturer on minor points. The suggestion of Mr. Henry Wilson that a general Conference should be held on the subject of trade education was applauded, and there is no doubt that Mr. Heming's stimulating lecture will bear fruit in an increased interest in the problem of artistic education, especially with reference to the precious metals, which afford such exceptional opportunities for beauty of design and workmanship.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE ARBITRATION DISCUSSION: SOME NEW DEVELOPMENTS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

THE announcement of Sir Edward Grey that Great Britain was eager to enter into a general arbitration treaty with the United States has been followed by a world-wide discussion as to the practicability not only of this contemplated measure, but of all efforts aimed at the ultimate establishment of universal peace. It is undeniably true, and at the same time deeply to be deplored, that the cause which statesmen in both countries seek to serve should have suffered to some extent by reason of the over-enthusiasm of the extreme pacifists. While the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

wisely made an appeal for the education of public opinion, it is hardly likely that he was prepared for that confusion of the public mind which has revealed itself in the sanguine utterances of many prominent leaders of thought throughout the country. With characteristic license the ultra-humanitarians have strayed far beyond the limits prescribed by diplomacy. In their writings and discourses on arbitration and its principles they have not hesitated to indulge in a wealth of optimistic allusion to the possibilities of general disarmament as a prelude to the utopian state of universal brotherhood among the nations. Unwittingly, rhetoric of this kind defeats the very object it seeks to encompass, for raising, as it does, suspicions in certain quarters concerning the question of motive, it embarrasses the only policy that, by the gradual process of evolution, is capable of embracing the highest ideal of all true civilisation. At a moment when wise statesmanship has realised the urgency for moving circumspectly, irresponsible zealots on both sides of the Atlantic have sought, with a precipitancy not shared by the angels, to father upon their Governments a deep-laid scheme to curb the growing activities of the more ambitious nations. Consequently the impression is abroad that Great Britain has become the advocate of peace simply because she has fallen into decrepitude, and therefore stands in need of peace.

Naturally the pulpit regards the subject as one peculiarly within its province. But religion should bear in mind that while endeavouring to promote peace, it is in no sense relieved of its stern duty towards patriotism. The unfortunate tendency exhibited in certain pious quarters to emphasise the savagery of war, while making light of the heroic qualities of self-abnegation which distinguish those who take part in it, is directly opposed to the best interests of State; for in spite of the harmony existing among the Anglo-Saxon peoples, the international situation at the present moment is such as to render it imperative that the martial spirit in this country should be roused and not dampened.

Some of the old religions of the East preach that death in the service of the State carries with it everlasting reward. Strong in this belief, the Japanese marched steadfastly to victory over the plains of Manchuria. With the Christian soldier in the field there is, however, no such solace. Already the martial spirit is rigorously excluded from our schools; and if now, from pulpit and platform, the masses are to be told that war is nothing more or less than wholesale murder and pillage, they must not be expected to display a super-abundance of heroism when the hour of England's crisis is at hand. The culpability will rest with their leaders, who in this feverish, though, doubtless, well-meaning, desire to bring about the millennium, have not hesitated to conjure up visionary ideals out of Anglo-American arbitration, and incidentally to preach doctrines the effect of which they may not have foreseen, but which, in plain language, tend in no small measure to undermine the morale of the King's forces. Momentous though the contemplated treaty may be, reduced to its proper proportions it is essentially what Mr. Birrell has termed, "a family affair"—that it is to say, it embodies the common-sense decision of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race to set an example to the rest of the world by elaborating a tribunal before which to compose their "domestic" differences.

By all means let the religious bodies continue to preach enduring peace. It is a good thing to keep in view so long as we do not delude ourselves into the belief that it is within reach. To rail at the profession of arms, however, is tantamount to an attack upon the foundations of State. In our fervent advocacy of peace we should not forget that the pages of history disclose many examples of peoples who, in consequence of their neglect of the art of war, have become

decadent, and illustrations of a like nature are not wanting in recent times. Korea has passed away because she was incapable of defending herself. Until within the last few years the Chinese soldier was an object of contempt to his countrymen. What is the moral? With all her immensity China's utter helplessness has exposed her to strife from within and attack from without, until to-day, in everything that makes for progress, she is a laggard on the highway of nations.

The speech of the German Chancellor is a timely rebuke to the peace "cranks," and should be read in conjunction with the recent debate in the House of Lords on the subject of national defence. It is clear that Germany has already translated her policy into unalterable law. So long as any one nation holds aloof, it would be suicidal for Great Britain to take the initiative in reducing armaments by doing away with so much as a single gun. On the contrary, she must draw her own lesson from the attitude of others, and redouble her defensive measures.

Even were it possible for the nations of Europe to arrive at a common agreement as to the limitation of their military forces, this would not be sufficient. The nations of the East also must be induced to take practical steps towards the realisation of the peace ideal. A helpless Europe would soon fall a prey to a militant Asia. Therefore, a state of abiding tranquillity can only be attained providing that it is universal in the strictest sense of the term. In the meantime, readiness for war will alone act as the deterrent of war. There is a serious danger lest this paradoxical truism be lost sight of in the world-wide discussion which Sir Edward Grey's speech has prompted. Even allowing for the stimulus of Anglo-Saxon harmony, the acceptance of comprehensive arbitration with America is in itself highly significant of the trend of the times. But it cannot be otherwise, relatively speaking, than a very small and elementary step towards the grander ideal. So soon as an attempt is made to interpret lofty principles into the cold text of an international compact, grave difficulties are encountered. To begin with, care has to be exercised to overcome the susceptibilities of the Senate at Washington, whose treaty-making prerogatives are involved; and already there is a significant suggestion that while accepting a declaration in favour of arbitration on all occasions, it will insist upon issues, as these may from time to time arise, being first submitted for consideration. Then, as I anticipated in *THE ACADEMY* at the outset, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is proving a complicating factor. I suggested, it will be recalled, that in all probability Japan would seek to meet the new situation by herself proposing a general arbitration treaty with America, and the latest despatches from Washington indicate that, with this end in view, overtures from Tokyo have already been made. The precarious state of Japan's exchequer certainly dictates that she shall adhere to a policy of peace for some time to come; but who, possessing knowledge of her military preparations and of her scheme of imperial expansion, no less deliberate than that pursued by Germany, believes for one moment that at heart she is a sincere advocate of universal peace? In all the circumstances, the conclusion is compelled that, while arbitration will undoubtedly reduce the risks of war, it is essential that, in the background, the Powers should keep, ready for emergencies, strong armies and navies. In this way alone will they maintain national virility and inspire mutual respect.

THE SALTING COLLECTION

THE private view of the Salting Collections—which have since been thrown open to the public—was a revelation of what may be accomplished by a single collector with an

enormous income at his disposal, and a real gift for finding out and acquiring true works of art. Mr. Salting came of a Danish family which had settled in Australia. He was educated at Eton and at the University of Sydney, and in early middle life he came to England and devoted himself to forming the great collection which has now been housed worthily in the five splendid galleries in the east wing of the new Victoria and Albert Museum—excluding, of course, the prints and drawings which were first selected under the terms of his will by the Trustees of the British Museum. Mr. Salting was not of the type of collector who hands over a lump sum to a firm of art-dealers with instructions to acquire for him a collection of such objects as he thinks it will make for his personal dignity to possess; such methods of collecting are far from being unknown, but they were not his. He depended upon his own judgment, and that judgment seldom failed him. When it did, he was not above rectifying the error, and replacing the peccant object with something better. Thus it is that the first note of this wonderful collection is excellence. And it could find no worthier home than in the spacious and well-lit galleries of Sir Aston Webb's magnificent building at South Kensington.

Many of the objects here shown have been exhibited before in the museums in larger or smaller detachments. The advantage of the present arrangement is that they can now be studied, as it were, in the mass; lines of development can be traced, and parallels with the contemporary art of other countries noted. In this work the admirable illustrated Guide—it is not a complete catalogue—issued by the authorities is of great service. Room 128, the first to be entered, is devoted to Italian and Spanish art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, associated with certain French and German medals, plaquettes, and medallions for convenience of study. There are many splendid Italian bronzes, of the type described by Cellini and Vasari which finds its culmination in the great *Persens* by the former master. The influence of Donatello and other masters is traceable in the beautiful work of the Florentine School of that period, which includes an exquisitely ornamented bell, decorated in low relief with a band of dancing children, and the fine bronze *Sphinxes* by Riccio, which are illustrated in the Guide. The collection of medals, numbering some 250, is superb, including, as it does, no less than six specimens of the work of Antonio Pisanello, the first and greatest of Italian artists in this direction. The French and German contemporary work is equally well represented in point of quality, though the specimens are not so numerous. Among the French work the medals of Anne of Brittany, Philibert le Beau, and Margaret of Austria deserve a special mention. The plaquettes are curious and beautiful; they are practically limited to Italy, and display many exquisite touches of grace of fancy, in addition to their wonderful technical finish. There are some delicate wax portraits of the kind familiar to us from Hertford House. More, we have often thought, might be done in the way of collecting wax portraits, which were very popular a hundred and fifty years since: probably the perishable nature of the medium accounts for the paucity of the survivals of such work.

The three cases of Hispano-Moresque ware present a peculiarly fascinating series; its origins are uncertain, we are told, but of its results there can hardly be two opinions. In grace of design and richness and depth of colour, shining through iridescent lustre, it would be hard indeed to surpass. Its glory, alas! was short-lived: by the sixteenth century the inspiration had departed and decadence had supervened. Closely connected with this phase of art is the Italian majolica ware in the adjoining cases, which took its

rise, at least as regards Italy, at Faenza, though it was subsequently produced in great numbers and excellence at many other Italian towns. The artistic quality of this ware is quite as high as that of its Hispano-Moresque rivals, and the originality of design is even greater. These were the days of the Renaissance, when Italian art, at least, took all humanity for its subject, and treated it with a freedom and even licence which is sometimes startling, though its apology—if apology be needed—is to be found in the artistic perfection with which it was handled, even in its most daring phases. Other cases in the same room exhibit some splendid specimens of Venetian glass and carved and coloured rock crystal, together with beautifully-damascened steel and metal work of Oriental origin, some dating back as far as the thirteenth century. In this room, too, are the magnificent specimens of Renaissance furniture and woodwork, which must be seen to be appreciated—a very riot of massive design and splendid craftsmanship combined with the most poetic fancy and perfect delicacy of execution. Some noble Italian tapestry completes the collection in this room.

In Room 129 is shown the art of the Near East, including some beautiful Greek and Roman antiquities—Persian pottery of the thirteenth century, Turkish and Syrian ware of somewhat later date, and some excellent bronze work of various sorts. The terra-cotta statuettes of the "Tanagra" type, if not from Tanagra itself, are well chosen and particularly graceful and beautiful—speaking strictly for ourselves, we should covet them as much as anything in Mr. Salting's collection. There are also several beautiful Greek vases and a remarkable bronze bust or two, notably one of the Emperor Commodus as the god Mithras. One is tempted to linger in Room 131 with its wonderful furniture, its fascinating Limoges and Delft enamels, and noble goldsmiths' work by Flemish, French, and Italian craftsmen, produced in the fifteenth century, when the Church was still a power in Europe; its exquisite illuminated MSS. and its well-chosen groups of miniatures. These last, indeed, deserve a far longer notice than we can possibly bestow on them. They include specimens (and very good ones) of the work of Holbein and Hilliard and Oliver, who first practised the art in England, and their great followers, Cooper and Hoskins, together with the great eighteenth-century miniaturists who preceded the slow death of that art in the Victorian era—Cosway, Engleheart, and Plimer. So perfectly representative a collection can never before have been brought together in so small a compass.

The remaining two rooms, Nos. 144 and 145, are given up to a fine collection of Chinese and Japanese exhibits, not less valuable and distinguished than the other collections downstairs, but needing more detailed treatment than can possibly be accorded in a necessarily brief notice. They include pottery and metal work of superb finish, full of that mysterious mastery of difficult and unmanageable material which has marked the immemorial East for ages past. Perhaps the most abiding memory that one carries away from this section, among a bewildering medley of lovely things, is the great porcelain vase with its bright and graceful decoration of cherry-blossom on a lustrous black ground. But this, like everything else that we have named, must be seen to be appreciated. Our advice is, therefore, "Go and see!"

We would call special attention to an exhibition of the exceptionally fine water-colour work of Mr. H. Franks Waring at the Baillie Gallery in Bruton Street. In Mr. Waring's pictures there are all the best qualities—freedom with restraint, and strength with sensitiveness. They are full of weather, and wholly beautiful.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE present account should, by all the rules of the Stock Exchange, be dull. Yet it has been, if not exciting, by no means stagnant. The plain truth is that the bears have once again saved the situation. In Home Rails, the dealers who are ultra-Tory cannot change. They have been bears so long that they can hardly realise the change in public opinion. In Foreigners, the Ehrhard failure frightened them. In Kaffirs and Rhodesians, they have not turned as quickly as the market. Thus we have seen a bull public buying all the time and a House cynical and short. This has kept the position sound.

The Brazilian allotments came out, and were just disappointing enough to cause a steady market. There are many grumblers, but I see no cause of complaint. The small people got as much as they deserved and the big people got as much as they expected. As a result the premium hardly fell at all. Few other issues attracted any attention. No one was drawn to that belated Westralian Mines flotation, which offered a strange selection of prospects in West Australia, and must have been promoted by a Rip Van Winkle who went to sleep in 1896 and only woke up in 1911. Our temper has changed since then. The rubber company that tried to get a mortgage on a million acres of land in the depths of Bahia, and called itself Villa Nova, was a sad spectacle of a good house in a bad position. Fry Miers should have known better. The Central London 4½ per cent. preferreds were a pleasant bonus to the Central London shareholders, but to no one else. The Oil Trust has promoted a reasonably good Grosny Oil property, and I hear of other Grosny Oil shows that will follow suit. A Bolivian Rubber and Rum Company will ask for money, and the Zongo people should profit by the energy of Mr. Gray. The Hambro Canadian Trust went as soon as the lists opened. There is now talk of a Sakalien proposition being put before the public, backed by Princes and Peers.

MONEY has been dearer on technical grounds, but no one need be alarmed, for though the money crowd will fight for dear money as long as they can, they cannot stand against hard facts. Of course the rise in Home Rails will have a tendency to make money dear, for many people will borrow money from their banks and buy Home Rails. But such borrowing cannot seriously affect the market, for it only transfers credit, and creates no real scarcity of either credit or coin.

FOREIGNERS have been as dull as ditch-water. But Paris is gradually recovering, and I am assured that the position is now much sounder. The troubles have more or less passed, and the French are ready for a new gamble. They have been amused by the attempt to catch the bears in Maltzoff—an attempt that will be successful. When I first pointed out the bear-trap that had been laid these shares were 1,300 francs. They are now 2,100 francs, and they say will go to 2,500 francs. But the clever French dealers will not push the game too far or they may lose the lot. The whole of the shares are in Russia, and the Petersburg people will not sell. Peruvians are steady, and I expect a fresh rise in Russians. Russia is also buying Lenas on the ground that if Lena holds two-thirds of

Lenskoi they are worth £6. It looks as though the English holders had been fooled into selling their Lenas too cheap.

HOME RAILS have continued to rise, and all the House declare that the dealers are still short. Duguid tipped the North Stafford in the *Observer*, and at once the House, which respects Duguid as an honest adviser, began to buy, which was pleasant for North Staffords. Brums and Great Westerns have also been bought with good reason, for both stocks are much too cheap. The bulls in Great Centrals got tired, and we have seen a small reaction; but these stocks will again rise. There is a good chance of Great Easterns being given another turn next account if the holiday traffics are good. I expect that we may get a general set-back in Home Rails, but it will not last long, for the intrinsic merits of the lines are too good for any serious relapse to continue.

YANKEES are dull, and must remain dull. I do not attach much importance to the Supreme Court decision about which Wall Street talks all day long. It will not have any practical effect upon trade. But it is a good talking point for the big houses, who do not desire to see any great gamble in rails. They want a steady market in which to place short-dated notes and bonds, and they want to keep their cash liquid in order to hold up their London credits. If they lend money on shares in Wall Street they will be compelled to withdraw their balances from London, and this will stop the negotiations of the short-dated notes. I think Yankees will be a dull market for some time to come.

RUBBER.—The public declines to buy Rubbers in spite of the fact that Mincing Lane has put up the price of fine hard-cured Para. The Lane can do no more, and I think this market will gradually fall back to the old prices of a few months ago. When all the leading shares show a clear $12\frac{1}{2}$ or 15 per cent. on the price, then we may get the public to come in again. In the meantime half the rotten swindles are breaking up under their own weight, and not a day passes but one or the other does not come into notoriety in a most disagreeable manner. However, I hope no readers of THE ACADEMY have been hurt. If they have taken my advice they are immune.

OIL looks quite cheerful. We have seen really good buying of Shells, and Paris has steadily bought Spies. Lobitos have also recovered, as I expected they would. These, with Burmah and Californias, are the pick of the basket. There is much talk of Premier Pipe Lines, which are under the wing of Hollebhone Brothers and Trench. A deal is on.

KAFFIRS.—The dealers are very short of shares, and the magnates are now watching the markets with the idea of putting up prices. This may be done. But perhaps we shall have to wait till the reports come to hand. They will be coming in now by each mail, and buyers may take heart of grace, though I confess I see nothing to boast about in the Princess which is a Goertz Company, and one of the first to arrive.

RHODESIANS.—Charteredds have been strong in a meagre way. At any rate, they have not been sold. The rest of this market also looks moderately steady, and as all the weak bulls have been shaken out the big Rhodesia houses may decide to make a move. But they are tricky people, and all I can say is that as they now hold all the shares they have a chance they have not had for many months.

TIN.—This market seems almost dead, and the Bastard crowd missed their market. They had a chance when Tin was at £200, but they did not act with boldness, and to-day they are forgotten.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The whole talk in this market is of Cements and Omnibus, both of which seem to me much too

high. The markets are so narrow that a very little buying is of great value. Those who run cements are rich, and they can make the price what they like; but they cannot pay dividends, which is what most of us want.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE WHOLESALE MANUFACTURE OF PEERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If I understand rightly the meaning of the *Manchester Guardian's* leading article of the 22nd ult., there does not exist an exclusive prerogative of the Crown to create peers; but, in fact, this is the constitutional prerogative of the Prime Minister, and that the consent of the Crown to such a wholesale manufacture is only a matter of form. In short, the Prime Minister is for the time being a kind of Protector over England, Scotland, and Ireland.

For the sake of argument I will agree to such a preposterous proposal, but I say categorically that the Parliament, obdurate or not, has no power whatsoever to curtail the privileges of certain peers, and this for the following reasons.

By the Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland the number of peers and their full privileges are expressly stated: there are for the Crown certain limitations to create peers, but it is distinctly laid down, "That the peers shall have all the privileges of the peerage"—this means, of course, in the sense of the time of Union for Scotland in 1707 and for Ireland in 1801, and not in the time of the twentieth century.

The position of the peers for Ireland is to that of the peers for this island; their number and their constitutional rights are expressly stated and recognised.

Should a Conservative Government purpose the reduction of the number, or the curtailment of the power, of the Irish members of the House of Commons on the plea that Ireland is over-represented in Parliament, that the population has decreased from eight to four millions, although a great majority could be found in favour of the proposal, nevertheless such a Bill, even if carried through both Houses, would be not only unconstitutional, but also illegal, because it would impair the Act of Union with Ireland.

What holds good for the members for Ireland in the House of Commons holds also good for the Scottish and Irish peers, and any curtailment of their privileges would impair and nullify the Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland.

It is true we have had in recent years a precedent for a similar Parliamentary measure in the incorporation of Finland with Russia by the Imperial Duma; but the Prime Minister of Russia is M. Stolypin, to whom the *Daily News* has given the sinister nickname "the necktie Stolypin," and it looks very much as if Mr. Asquith is jealous of M. Stolypin's laurels.—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

J. GERSONT.

59, Ronald's Road, N., London, 25th March, 1911.

"THAN WHOM"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The discussion of this idiom seems to be drifting into dangerous ground. Latin constructions do not necessarily govern English sentences, nor does "preferable to me" justify "better than me." Yet I sympathise with "W. C. M." and "N. W. H." rather than with the other side. Usage and euphony must be considered as well as logic, and when we find our best authors writing "than whom" it is surely dangerous to pronounce it a solecism. There is something repellent in "than I" or "than who" following a nominative case. Of course, "you love him better than me" means one thing, and "you love him better than I" another; but I think that in the latter case most people would prefer to write "than I do." I should myself be sorry to write any such sentence as "Sidney Smith, than who no wittier cleric ever . . ." &c.; I should prefer to turn the sentence some other way. As "W. C. M." pointed out, some of

our best critics have pronounced such a sentence as this last "intolerable;" the authors of "The King's English" advise recasting any such sentence, and add that "perhaps the convenience of *than whom* is so great that to rule it out amounts to saying that man is made for grammar and not grammar for man." When authorities are thus in doubt, probably the safest course is to avoid using the phrase; it at least saves us from assuming that we are better grammarians than Milton, Dr. Johnson, and Dean Alford.

There are so many undeniably faulty locutions that it seems a pity to waste energy in denouncing doubtful ones. Another book by an author already named contains this sentence: "He received notice that a seller—no matter whom—was possessed of . . ." &c. Surely *whom* is quite wrong there. In a popular novel I read "his whereabouts are known." When did *whereabouts* become a plural substantive? Has not the author been deceived by its apparently plural ending? It would be easy to quote many instances which transgress elementary rules of style or grammar, and one cannot help wishing that some acquaintance with these formed part of every popular writer's outfit. At least,

"THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS."

OLIVE SCHREINER'S "DREAMS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I read Mr. Frank Harris's article on the work of Olive Schreiner with interest, but must say that he rather depreciates her book of "Dreams."

There is no doubt that it has less intrinsic value than the "Story of a South African Farm," but to me it has a more direct and human appeal—every "Dream" might serve as a motto for one of us. Personally, I have loved the little parable of the artist who painted his pictures with his own heart's blood, so that they glowed with a wonderful fadeless red, whilst he grew pale and paler and all the people wondered at the marvellous tint until they found him dead with a great wound within his bosom, more than anything else from her pen. It is one of the sweetest allegories ever written in this sad world in which we strive to glean a little gladness from fairy-tales, only to find that even a story with so joyous a title as "The Happy Prince" is full of pathos.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

8, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

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- Where the Shamrock Grows: the Fortunes and Misfortunes of an Irish Family.* By George H. Jessop. Murray and Evenden. 3s. 6d.
- The Case of Letitia.* By Alexandra Watson. Smith, Elder, and Co. 6s.
- Brzenhead the Great.* By Maurice Hewlett. Smith, Elder, and Co. 6s.
- The Unknown God.* By B. L. Putnam Weale. Macmillan and Co. 6s.
- Mrs. Noakes, an Ordinary Woman.* By C. A. Dawson Scott. Chapman and Hall. 6s.
- The Irresistible Husband.* By Vincent Brown. Chapman and Hall. 6s.
- For a Woman's Honour: a Mystery of Mount Street.* By Christopher Wilson. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
- The Leaning Spire.* By George A. B. Dewar. Alston Rivers. 2s. 6d. net.
- The General Plan.* By Edmund Candler. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.
- Brother Copas.* By "Q." (Arthur Quiller-Couch). J. W. Arrow-smith, Bristol. 6s.
- The Complications at Collaroi.* By Rose Boldrewood. John Ouseley. 6s.
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- William Ford Stanley, his Life and Work.* Edited by Richard Inwards, F.R.A.S. Illustrated. Crosby Lockwood and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Russian Flashlights.* By Jaakoff Prelooker. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author translated from the Italian by Helena Frank. Illustrated. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.
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- A Study of the Development of Infantry Tactics.* By Colonel Beca. Translated by Captain A. F. Custance. With a Preface by Colonel Hackett Pain, C.B. With Plans. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 2s. 6d.
- The Locket.* A Play in Three Acts by Edgar Lee Masters. The Rooks Press, Chicago. 50 cents.
- Eileen.* A Play in Three Acts by Edgar Lee Masters. The Rooks Press, Chicago. 50 cents.
- Mearing Stones: Leaves from my Note-book on Tramp in Donegal.* By Joseph Campbell. Illustrated by the Author. Maunsell and Co., Dublin. 3s. 6d. net.

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- Musikalische Märchen.* By Elise Polko. Edited, with Notes, Vocabulary, &c., by Mrs. M. G. Glazebrook. Macmillan and Co. 2s.
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- Groundwork of French Composition.* By Ernest Weekley, M.A. University Tutorial Press, Ltd. 2s.

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- Medea and Circe, and Other Poems.* By Arthur K. Sabin. With an Introduction by Richard G. Moulton, M.A. The Temple-Sheen Press. 4s. net.
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